

1507/598
LOVE makes a MAN:

OR, THE

FOP'S FORTUNE.

A COMEDY.

WRITTEN BY

COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

TAKEN FROM

THE MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane.

LONDON:

Printed by **R. BUTTERS**, No. 79, Fleet-street; and sold by all the
Bookfellers in Town and Country.

LOVE makes a MAN.

OF THE
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.
FOR THE
DRURY-LANE,

A COMEDY
IN FIVE ACTS.
MEN.



Antonio,
Charino,
Don Lewis,
Carlos,
Clodio,
Sancho,
Monfieur,
Governor of Lisbon,
Don Duart,
Don Manuel
Jaques,
Page,

Mr. Baddeley.
Mr. Parsons.
Mr. Yates.
Mr. Bensley.
Mr. Dodd.
Mr. La Mash.
Mr. Waldron.
Mr. Davis.
Mr. Palmer.
Mr. Farren.

WOMEN.

Angelina,
Louisa,
Elvira,
Honorina,

Miss Farren.
Miss Sherry.
Mrs. Jordan.
Mrs. Smith.

LONDON.

Printed by J. Johnson, No. 7, Strand, London.

LOVE makes a MAN.

ACT I. S. E N E, a Hall.

Enter Antonio and Charino.

Ant. **W**ITHOUT compliment, my old friend, I shall think myself much honour'd in your alliance; our families are both ancient, our children young, and able to support 'em; and, I think, the sooner we set 'em to work, the better.

Cha. Sir, you offer fair and nobly, and shall find I dare meet you in the same line of honour; and, I hope, since I have but one girl in the world, you won't think me a troublesome old fool, if I endeavour to bestow her to her worth; therefore, if you please, before we shake hands, a word or two by the bye, for I have some considerable questions to ask you.

Ant. Ask 'em.

Cha. Well, in the first place, you say you have two sons?

Ant. Exactly.

Cha. And you are willing that one of 'em shall marry my daughter?

Ant. Willing.

Cha. My daughter Angelina!

Ant. Angelina.

Cha. And you are likewise content that the said Angelina shall survey 'em both, and (with my allowance) take to her lawful husband, which of 'em she pleases?

Ant. Content.

Cha. And you farther promise, that the person by her (and me) so chosen (be it elder or younger) shall be your sole heir; that is to say, shall be in a conditional possession, of at least three parts of your estate. You know the conditions, and this you positively promise?

Ant. To perform.

Cha. Why then, as the last token of my full consent and approbation, I give you my hand

Ant. There's mine.

Cha. Is't a match?

Ant. A match.

Cha. Done.

Ant. Done.

Cha. And done! —that's enough—Carlos the elder, you say is a great scholar, spends his whole life in the university, and loves his study.

Ant. Nothing more, sir.

Cha. But Clodio, the younger, has seen the world, and is very well known in the courts of France; a sprightly fellow, ha?

Ant. Mettle to the back, sir.

Cha. Well, how far either of 'em may go with my daughter, I can't tell; she'll be easily pleased where I am—I have given her some documents already. Hark, what noise without?

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Ant. Odsso! 'tis they—they're come—I have expected 'em these two hours. Well, firrah, who's without?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. 'Tis Sancho, fir, with a waggon-load of my master's books.

Cha. What, does he always travel with his whole study?

Enter Sancho laden with books.

San. Pedro, unload part of the library; bid the porter open the great gates, and make room for t'other dozen of carts; I'll be with you presently.

Ant. Ha, Sancho, where's my Carlos, speak boy, where didst thou leave thy master?

San. Jogging on, fir, in the highway to knowledge, both hands employ'd, in his book, and his bridle, sir; but he has sent his duty before him in this letter, fir.

Ant. What have we here, pothooks and andirens?

San. Pothooks! O, dear fir! —I beg your pardon—No, fir, this is Arabick, 'tis to the lord Abbot, concerning the translation, fir, of human bodies—a new way of getting out of the world. There's a terrible wise man has written a very smart book of it.

Cha. Pray, friend, what will that same book teach a man?

San. Teach you, fir! why, to play a trump upon death, and shew yourself a match for the devil.

Cha. Strange!

San. Here, fir, this is your letter. *(To Ant.)*

Cha. Pray, fir, what sort of life may your master live?

San. Life, fir! no prince fares like him; he breaks his fast with Aristotle, dines with Tully, drinks at Helicon, sups with Seneca; then walks a turn or two in the milky way, and after six hours of conference with the stars, sleeps with old Erra Pater.

Cha. Wonderful!

Ant. So, Carlos will be here presently—here, take the knave in, and let him eat.

San. And drink too, fir.

Ant. Yes, and drink too, fir, and pray see your master's chamber ready. *[Knocking again,]* Well, fir, who's at the gate?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Monsieur, fir, from my young master Clodio.

Enter Monsieur.

Ant. Well, monsieur, what says your master? when will he be here.

Monsf. Sire, he will be here in de less time dan von quater of de hour; he is not quite tirty mile off.

Ant. And what came you before for?

Monsf. Sire, me come to provide de pulvile, and de essence for his peruke, dat he may approache to your vorthipe vid de reverence, and de belle air.

Ant. What, is he unprovided then!

Monsf. Sire, he was enrage, and did break his bottel d'orange.

He, because it was not de same dat is prepare or Monseigneur le Dauphin.

Ant. Well, sir, if you'll go to the burtler, he'll—help you to some oil and vinegar for his periwig.

Monf. Sir, me tank you.

Exit Monsieur.

Cha. A very notable spark this Clodio. Ha! what noise is that without?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my young masters are both come.

Ant. That's well! now sir, now! now observe their several dispositions.

Enter Carlos.

Car. My father! sir, your blessing.

Ant. Thou hast it, Carlos; and now pray know this gentleman; Charino, sir, my old friend, and one in whom you may have a particular interest.

Car. I'll study to deserve his love, sir.

Cha. Sir, as for that matter you need not study at all.

(They salute.)

Enter Clodio.

Clo. Hey, La Valiere! bid the groom take care our hunters be well rubb'd and cloath'd; they're hot, and out stript the wind.

Cha. Ay, marry sir, there's mettle in this young fellow.

Clo. Where's my father?

Ant. Ha, my dear Clody, thou'rt welcome!

Clo. Sir, being my father's friend, I am, your most obliged, faithful humble servant.

(To Cha.)

Cha. Sir,—I—I—I like you.

(Eagerly.)

Clo. Thy hand—I'm your friend.

Cha. Faith, thou art a pretty humour'd fellow.

Clo. Who's that? Pray, sir, who's that?

Ant. Your brother, Clody.

Clo. Odso! I beg his pardon with all my heart—Ha, ha, ha! did ever mortal see such a book-worm? Brother, how is't?

(Carelessly.)

Car. I'm glad you are well, brother.

(Reads.)

Clo. What, does he draw his book upon me? then I will draw my wit upon him—Gad, I'll puzzle him—Hark you, brother, pray what's—Latin for a sword-knot?

Car. The Romans wore none, brother.

Clo. No ornament upon their swords, sir?

Car. O yes, several, conquest, peace, and honour—an old unfashionable wear.

Clo. Sir, no man in France (I may as well say breathing, for not to live there, is not to breathe) wear a more fashionable sword than I do; he cost me fifteen louis d'or's in Paris—There, sir,—feel him,—try him, sir.

Car. I have no skill, sir.

Clo. No skill, sir; why, this sword would make a coward fight—aha, sa, sa, ha! there I had him

(Fencing.)

Gubvin

Car. Take heed; you'll cut my cloaths, brother.

Clo. Cut 'em! ha, ha,—no, no, they are cut already, brother, to the grammar-rules exactly: Psha, pr'ythee man leave off this college air.

Car. No, brother; I think it wholesome; the soil and situation pleasant.

Clo. A put, by Jupiter! he don't know the air of a gentleman, from the air of the country:—Sir I mean the air of your cloaths; I would have you change your taylor, and dress a little more *en cavalier* lay by your book, and take out your snuff box; cock, and look smart, hah!

Cha. Faith, a pretty fellow!

Car. I read no use in this brother; and for my cloaths, the half of what I wear already, seems to me superfluous: what need I outward ornaments, when I can deck myself with understanding? Why should we care for any thing, but knowledge? or look upon the follies of mankind; but to condemn or pity those that seek 'em? *(Reads again.)*

Clo. Stark mad! split me.

Cha. Psha, this fellow will never do—he's as no soul in him.

Clo. Hark you, brother, what do you think of a pretty plump wench now?

Car. I seldom think that way; women are books I have not read yet.

Clo. Gad, I could set you a sweet lesson, brother.

Car. I am as well hear, sir. *(Read.)*

Cha. Good for no earthly thing; a stock; ah, that Clody.

Enter Monsieur.

Monsf. Sire, here be de several sorte of de jassimine d'orange-ric vidout, if you please to mak your choice.

Clo. Mum, sir I must beg your pardon for a moment; a most important business calls me aside, which I will dispatch with all imaginable celerity, and return to the repetition of my desire to continue, sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant. *(Exit Clodio bowing.)*

Cha. Faith he's a pretty fellow.

Am. Now, sir, if you please, since we have got the other alone, we'll put the matter a little closer to him.

Cha. 'Tis to little purpose, I am afraid: but use your pleasure, sir.

Car. Plato differs from Socrates in this. *(To himself.)*

Am. Come, come, pr'ythee Carlos, lay 'em by, let 'em agree at leasure. What no hour of interruption?

Car. Man's life, sir, being so short, and then the way that leads us to the knowledge of ourselves, so hard and tedious each minute should be precious.

Am. Ay, but to thrive in this world, Carlos, you must pass a little with this bookish contemplation, and prepare yourself for action. If you will study, let it be to know what part of my land's fit for the plough; what for pasture; to buy and sell my stock to the best advantage, and cure my cattle when the

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are over-grown with labour. This now would turn to some account.

Car. This, fir, may be done from what I've read, for what concerns tillage, who can better deliver it than Virgil in his Georgics? And, for the cure of herds; his Bucolies are a master-piece; but when his art describes the common-wealth of bees, their industry, their more than human knowledge of the herbs from which they gather honey, their laws, their government among themselves, their order in going forth, and coming laden home, their strict obedience to their king; his just rewards to such as labour, his punishment inflicted only on the slothful drone; I'm ravish'd with it, then reap indeed my harvest, receive the grain my cattle bring me, and there find wax and honey.

Ant. Hey day! Georges! Blue-sticks, and Bees-wax: What art thou mad.

Cha. Raving, raving!

Car. No, fir, the knowledge of this guards me from it.

Ant. But can you find, among all your musty manuscripts, what pleasure he enjoys that lies in the arms of a young, rich, well-shaped, healthy bride? answer me that, ha, fir.

Car. 'Tis frequent, fir, in story; there I read of all kinds of virtuous, and of vicious women; the ancient Spartan dames the Roman ladies, their beauties, their deformities, and when I light upon a Portia, or a Cornelia crown'd with ever blooming truth and virtue, with such a feeling I perused their fortunes, as if I then had lived; and tasted of their lawful envied love: but when I meet a Messalina, tired and unsated in her foul desires; a Clytemnestra, bath'd in her husband's blood; an impious Tullia whirling her chariot o'er her father's breathless body, horror invades my faculties; comparing then the numerous guilty, with the easy count of those that die in innocence, I detest and loath 'em as ignorance or atheism.

Ant. And you do resolve then not to make payment of the debt you owe me?

Car. What debt, good fir?

Ant. Why, the debt I paid my father, when I got you, fir, and made him a grandfire; which I expect from you. I won't have my name die.

Car. Nor would I; my labour'd studies, fir, may prove in time a living issue.

Ant. Very well, fir; and so I shall have a general collection of all the quiddits from Adam till this time, to be my grand child.

Car. I'll take the best care, fir, that what I leave may not shame the family.

Cha. A sad fellow this! This is a very sad fellow. *(Aside)*

Ant. Nor you won't take care of my estate?

Car. But in my wishes, fir; for know the wings on which my soul is mounted, have long since borne her pride to high

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to stoop to any prey that soars not upwards; sordid and dang-hill minds, composed of earth, fix in that gross element their happiness; but great and pure spirits, shaking that clog of human frailty off, become refined, and free as the æthereal air.

Ant. So in short you would not marry an empress.

Car. Give me leave to enjoy myself; the closet that contains my chosen books, to me's a glorious court; my venerable companions there, the old sages and philosophers, sometimes the greatest kings and heroes, whose counsels I have leave to weigh, and call their victories, if unjustly got, unto a strict account, and in my fancy dare deface their ill-placed statutes. Can then part with solid constant pleasures, to clasp uncertain vanities? No, sir, be it your care to swell your heap of wealth, marry my brother, and let him get you bodies of your name; I rather would inform it with a soul—I tire you, sir—your pardon, and your leave.—Lights there for my study,

(*Exit Caros.*)

Ant. Was ever man thus transported from the common sense of his own happiness? a stupid wise rogue, I could beat him. Now, if it were not for my hopes in young Clody, I might fairly conclude my name were at a period.

Cha. Ay, ay, he's the match for my money, and my girl's too, I warrant her! What say you, sir, shall we tell 'em a piece of our mind and turn 'em together instantly?

Ant. This minute sir, and here comes my young rogue in the very nick of his for me

Enter Clodio.

Ant. Clody, a word!

Clo. To the wife is enough: your pleasure, sir?

Ant. In the mean time, sir, if you please to send your daughter notice of our intended visit,

(*To Cha.*)

Cha. I'll do't—hark you friend.

(*Whispers a servant.*)

Enter Sancho behind.

San. I doubt my master has found but rough welcome? He's gone supperless into his study; I'd fain know the reason—It may be some body has borrowed one of his books, or so—I must find it out.

(*Stands aside.*)

Clo. Sir, you could not have started any thing more agreeable to my inclination; and for the young lady's sir, if this old gentleman will please to give me a sight of her, you shall see me whip into her's, in the cutting of a caper.

Cha. Well! pursue, and conquer; tho' let me tell you, sir, my girl has wit, and will give you as good as you bring; she has a smart way, sir.

Clo. Sir, I will be as smart as she; I have my share of courage; I fear no woman alive, sir, having always found, that love and assurance ought to be as inseparable companions, as a beau and a snuff box, or a curate and a tobacco-popper.

Cha. Faith thou art a pleasant rogue; I gad she must like thee.

Clo. I know how to tickle the ladies, sir.—In Paris I had

constantly two challenges every morning came up with my chocolate, only for being pleasant company the night before with the first ladies of quality.

Cha. Ah, silly envious rogues! Pr'ythee, what do you do to their ladies?

San. Positively, nothing.

(*Aside.*

Clo. Why, he truth is, I did make the jades drink a little too smartly; for which, the poor dogs the princes could not endure me.

Cha. Why, hast thou really conversed with the royal family?

Clo. Conversed with 'em! Ay, rot 'em, ay! ay!—you must know some of 'em came with me half a day's journey, to see me a little on my way hither: but I gad I sent young Lewis back again to Marli as drunk as a tinker, by Jove; Ha, ha, ha! I can't but laugh to think how old Monarchy growl'd at him next morning.

Cha. Gad-a-mercy, boy, well! and I warrant thou wert as intimate with their ladies too.

San. Just alike, I dare answer for him.

(*Aside.*

Clo. Why, you shall judge now, you shall judge—Let me see, there was, I and Monsieur—no, no, no, Monsieur did not sup with us.—There was I and prince Grandmont, duke de Bongrace, duke de Bellegrade—(Belgrade—yes—yes, Jack was there.) Count de l'Esprit, Marechal Bombard, and that pleasant dog the prince de Hautenbas. We six now were all at supper, all in good humour, Champaign was the word, and wit flew about the room, like a pack of loosing cards—Now, sir, in madam's adjacent lodgings, there happen'd to be the self same number of ladies, after the fatigue of a ballet, diverting themselves with Ratifia, and the spleen; so dull, that they were not able to talk, tho' it were scandalously even of their best friends: so, sir, after a profound silence at last one of them gaped—O gad! says she, would that pleasant dog Clody were here to *badiner* a little—Hey, says a second, and stretch'd, Ah, *Mon Dieu!* says a third—and waked—Could not one find him, says a fourth?—and leer'd.—O! burn him, says a fifth, I saw him go out with the nasty rakes of the blood again—in a pet. Did you so, says a sixth—*Pardie!* we'll spoil that gang presently—in a passion. Whereupon, sir, in two minutes, I received a billet in four words—*Chien nous vous demandons*—subscribed Grandmont, Bongrace, Bellegrade, l'Esprit, Bombard, Hautenbas.

Cha. Why these are the very names of the princes you sup'd with.

Clo. Every soul of 'em the individual wife or sister of every man in company, split me, ha, ha!

Cha. and Anti. Ha, ha, ha!

San. Did ever two old gudgeons swallow so greedily? (*Aside.*

Anti. Well, and didst thou make a night on't boy?

Clo. Yes, I gad, and morning too, sir; for about eight

o'clock the next day, slap they all foused upon their knees, kiss'd round, burnt their commodores, drank my health, broke their glasses, and so parted.

Ant. Gad-a-mercy; Clody! nay, 'twas always a wild young rogue:

Cha. I like him the better for't—he's a pleasant one I'm sure.

Ant. Well, this rogue gives a rare account of his travels.

Clo. I gad, fir, I have a cure for the spleen; a ha! I know to wriggle myself into a lady's favour—give me leave when you please, fir—

Cha. Sir, you shall have it this moment—faith—I like him—you remember the conditions, fir; three parts of your estate to him and his heirs.

Ant. Sir, he deserves it all; 'tis not a trifle shall part 'em: you see Carlos has given over the world; I'll undertake to buy his birth right for a shelf of new books.

Cha. Ay! ay! get you the writings ready with your other son's hand to 'em; for unless he signs, the conveyance is of no validity.

Ant. I know it, fir,—they shall be ready with his hand in two hours.

Cha. Why then come along, my lad, and now I'll shew thee to my daughter.

Clo. I dare be shewn, fir.—*Allans! Hey, Survons l'amour.*

(Exeunt.)

Sancho comes forward.

San. How! my poor master to be disinherited, for Monsieur! fa la, there; and I a looker on too! If we have studied our *majors* and our *minors antecedents*, and *consequent*, to be concluded coxcombs at last, we have made a far hand on't; I'm glad I know of this roguery, however; I'll take care my master's uncle, old Don Lewis, shall hear of it; for tho' he can hardly read a proclamation, yet he doats upon his learning; and if he be that old rough testy blade he used to be, we may chance to have a rubber with 'em first—here he comes, *profecto*.

Enter Don Lewis.

D Lew. Sancho! where's my boy Carlos? what, is he at it? is he at it?—Deep—deep, I warrant him—Sancho! a little peep now—one peep at him thro' the key-hole—I must have a-peep.

San. Have a care fir, he's upon a magical point.

D Lew. What, has he lost anything?

San. Yes, fir, he has lost with a vengeance.

D Lew. But what, what, what, what, firrah! what is't?

San. Why, his birth right, fir, he is di—di—dis—disinherited.

(Sobbing.)

D Lew. Ha! how, when, what, where, who, what dost thou mean?

San. His brother, fir, is to marry Angelina, the great heiress, to enjoy three parts of his father's estate; and my master is to

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have a whole acre of new books, for setting his hand to the conveyance.

D Lew. This must be a lye, firrah; I will have it a lye.

San. With all my heart, fir; but here comes my old master, and the pick-pocket the lawyer; they'll tell you more.

Enter Antonio and a lawyer.

Ant. Here, fir, this paper has your full instructions; pray be speedy, fir; I don't know but we may couple 'em to-morrow; be sure you make it firm.

Law. Do you secure his hand, fir, I defy the law to give him his title again. *[Exit.]*

San. What think you now, fir?

D Lew. Why, now methinks I'm pleased—this is right—I'm pleased—my cut that lawyers-throat tho'—must bone him—ay! I'll have him boned—and potted.

Ant. Brother, how is it?

D Lew. O mighty well—mighty well—let's feel your pulse—feverish. *[Looks earnestly in Antonio's face, and after some pause, whistles a piece of a tune.]*

Ant. You are merry, brother.

D Lew. It's a lye.

Ant. How, brother?

D Lew. A damn'd lye—I am not merry.

Ant. What are you then?

D Lew. Very angry.

Ant. Hi, hi, hi! at what, brother?

D Lew. Why, at a very wise settlement I have made lately.

Ant. What settlement, good brother? I find he has heard of

it. *[Aside.]*

D Lew. What do you think I have done?—I have—this deep head of mine has—disinherited my elder-son, because his understanding's an honour to my family, and given it all to my younger, because he's a puppy—a puppy!

Ant. Come I guess at your meaning, brother.

D Lew. Do you so, fir? why then I must tell you flat and plain, my boy Carlos must and shall inherit it.

Ant. I say no, unless Carlos had a soul to value his fortune: what! he should manage eight thousand crowns a year out of the metaphysicks! astronomy should look to my vineyards! Horace should buy off my wines! tragedy should kill my mutton! history should cut down my hay!—Homer should get in my corn! *Tityre tu Pâture* look to my sheep! and geometry bring my harvest home! hark you, brother, do you know what learning is?

D Lew. What if I don't, fir, I believe it's a fine thing, and that's enough—tho' I can speak no greek, I love and honour the sound of it, and Carlos speaks it loftily, I gad, he thunders it out, fir; and let me tell you, fir, if you had ever the grace to have heard but six lines of Hesiod, or Homer, or Iliad, or any of the greek poet's, odds heart! it would have made your hair stand an end; fir, he has read such things in my hearing—

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Ant. But did you understand *em*, brother?

D Lew. I tell you, no. What does that signify? the very found's a sufficient comfort to an honest man.

Ant. By! ty! I wonder you talk so, you that are old, and should understand.

D Lew. Should, fir! yes, and do, fir: I'd have you to know, I have studied, I have run over history, poetry, philosophy.

Ant. Yes, like a cat over a harpsicord, rare music,—you have read catalogues, I believe. Come, come, brother, my younger boy is a fine gentleman.

D Lew. A sad dog—I'll buy a prettier fellow in a penny-worth of ginger-bread.

Ant. What I propose, I'll do, fir, say your pleasure—here comes one I must talk with—well, brother, what news?

Enter Charino.

Cha. O, to our wishes, fir; Clody's a right bait for a girl, fir; a budding sprightly fellow: she's a little shy at first; but I gave him his cue, and the rogue does to whisk, and frisk, and sings, and dance about, oddbod! he plays like a greyhound. Noble Don Lewis, I am your humble servant: come, what say you? shall I prevail with you to settle some part of your estate upon young Clody?

D Lew. Clody!

Cha. Aye, your nephew, Clody.

D Lew. Settle upon him,—*Cha.* Aye.

D Lew. Why, look you, I han't much land to spare; but I have an admirable horse pond—I'll settle that upon him if you will.

Ant. Come, let him have his way, fir, he's old and hasty: my estate will be sufficient. How does your daughter, fir?

Cha. Ripe, and ready, fir, like a blushing rose, she only waits for the pulling.

Ant. Why then, let to morrow be the day.

Cha. With all my heart; get you the writings ready, my girl sha'l be here in the morning.

D Lew. Hark you, fir, do you suppose my Carlos shall—

Cha. Sir I suppose nothing; what I'll do, I'll justify; what your brother does, let him answer.

Ant. That I have already, fir, and so good morrow to your patience, brother. *[Exit Ant. and Cha.]*

D Lew. Sancho! — *San.* Sir.

D Lew. Fetch me some gunpowder—quick—quick.

San. Sir!

D Lew. Some gun-powder, I say,—a barrel—quickly—and, dy'e hear, three penny-worth of ratsbane!—hey, ay, I'll blow up one, and poison the other.

San. Come, fir, I see what you would be at, and if you dare take my advice, (I don't want wit at a pinch, fir) e'en let me try, if I can fire my master enough with the praises of the young lady, to make him rival his brother; that would blow 'em up indeed, fir.

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D Lew. Psha! impossible, he never spoke six words to any woman in his life but his bed-maker.

San. So much the better, sir; therefore, if he speaks at all, it's the more likely to be out of the road—hark, he rings—I must wait upon him. *[Exit.]*

D Lew. These damn'd old rogues!—I can't look my poor boy in the face: but come, Carlos, let 'em go on, thou shalt not want money to buy thee books yet—that old fool thy father, and his young puppy, shall not share a groat of mine between 'em, nay to plague 'em, I could find in my heart to fall sick in a pet, give thee my estate in a passion, and leave the world in a fury. *[Exit.]*

ACT II. SCENE continues.

Enter Antonio and Sancho.

Ant. **S**IR, he shall have what's fit for him.

San. No inheritance, sir.

Ant. Enough to give him books, and a moderate maintenance: that's as much as he cares for; you talk like a fool, a coxcomb; trouble him with land—

San. Must master Clodio have a l, sir?

Ant. All, all; he knows how to use it; he's a man bred in this world; bother in the skies, his business is altogether above stairs; *(Batter up!)* go see what he wants.

San. A father, I am sure.

[Exit San.]

Ant. What will none of my rogues come near me now? O! here they are.

Enter several Servants.

Well, sir, in the first place can you procure me a plentiful dinner for about fifty, within two hours? your young master is to be married this morning; will that spur you, Grub?

Cook. Young master, sir! I wish your honour had given me a little more warning.

Ant. Sir, you have as much as I had; I was not sure of it half an hour ago.

Cook. Sir, I will try what I can do—Hey! Pedro Guffman! come, sir, hō!

[Exit Cook.]

Ant. Butler open the cellar to all good fellows; if any man offers to sneak away sober, knock him down! *[Exit.]*

Enter Carlos reading. A noise of chopping without.

Car. What a perpetual noise these people make! my head is broken with several noises; and in every corner, I have forgot to eat and sleep with reading; all my faculties turn into study: what a misfortune 'tis in human nature, that the body will not live on that which feeds the mind! how unprofitable pleasure is eating!—Sancho *[Enter Sancho.]*

San. Did you call, sir?

Car. Pr'ythee, what noise is this?

San. The cooks are hard at work, sir, chopping herbs, and mincing meat and breaking marrow bones.

Car. And is that all?

(Chopping again.)

LOVE MAKES A MAN; Or,

San. No, fir; but we have high doings to-day.

Car. Well, set this folio in its place again; then make me a little fire, and get a manchet; I'll dine alone—Does my younger brother speak any Greek yet, Sancho?

San. No, fir; but he spits French like a magpye, and that's more in fashion.

Car. He steps before me there; I think I read it well enough to understand it, but when I am to give it utterance, it quarrels with my tongue. [*Chopping again.*—Again that noise! pr'ythee tell me, Sancho, are there any princes to dine here?

San. Some there are as happy as princes, fir,—your brother is marry'd to-day.

Car. What of that? might not six dishes serve 'em? I never have but one, and eat of that but sparingly.

San. Sir, all the country round is invited; not a dog that knows the house, but comes too; all open, fir.

Car. Pr'ythee, who is it my brother marries?

San. Old Charino's daughter, fir the great heiress; a delicate creature; young, soft, smooth, fair, plump, and ripe as a cherry—and they say, modest too.

Car. That's strange; pr'ythee how does these modest women look? to me they ever were but shadows, seen and unregarded.

San. Ah! would you saw this lady, fir, she'd draw you farther than your Archimedes; she has a better secret than any's in Aristotle, if you studied for it: I'gad you'd find her the prettiest natural philosopher to play with!

Car. Is she so fine a creature?

San. Such eyes! such looks! such a pair of pretty plump, pouting lips! such softness in her voice! such music too; and when she smiles, such roguish dimples in her cheeks! such a clear skin! white neck, and a little lower, such a pair of round, hard, heaving, what d'ye call-ums—ah!

Car. Why, thou art in love, Sancho.

San. Ay! so would you be, if you saw her, fir.

Car. I don't think so. What settlement does my father make 'em?

San. Only all his dirty land, fir, and makes your brother his sole heir.

Car. Must I have nothing?

San. Books in abundance; leave to study your eyes out, fir.

Car. I am the elder born, and have a title too.

San. No matter for that, fir, he'll have possession of the lady too.

Car. I wish him happy—he'll not inherit my little under-standing too!

San. O, fir, he's more a gentleman than to do that!—Ods me! fir, fir, here comes the very lady, the bride, your sister that must be, and her father.

Enter Charino and Angelina.

Cha. Come, pr'ythee put on a brisker look; od heart, dost thou think in conscience, that's fit for thy wedding-day?

San. Stand close, you'll both see and hear.

Car. I ne'er saw any yet so fair & such sweetness in her look—such modesty—if we may think the eye the window to the heart, she has a thousand treasured virtues there.

(Flings away the book.)

San. So! the book's gone.

Ang. Sir, I wish it were not quite so sudden; a little time for farther thought perhaps had made it easier to me; to change for ever is no triffe, Sir.

Car. A wonder.

Cha. Look you, his fortune I have taken care of, and his person you have no exception to. What in the name of Venus would the girl have?

Ang. I never said, of all the world I made him, I sir, my choice: nay, tho' he be yours, I cannot say I am highly pleased with him, nor yet am averse; but I had rather welcome your commands and him, than disobedience.

Cha. O, if that be all, madam, to make you easy, my commands are at your service.

Ang. I have done with my objections, sir.

Car. Such understanding, in it lost a form?—Happy—happy brother!—may he be happy, while I sit down in patience, and alone!—I have gazed too much—Reach me an Ovid.

(Exit Car. and San.)

Cha. I say, put on your best looks, hussy—for here he comes, faith.

Enter Clodio.

My dear Clody!

Clo. My dear, dear dad. *(Embracing.)* Ha! *Ma Princesse* *etes vous la done!* A ha, *Non, non. Je ne me connois guere,* &c. *(Sings.)* Look, look,—o'ly boots, what, she knows nothing of the matter! But you will child.—I gad, I shall count the clock extremely to night: Let me see—what time shall I rise to-morrow?—Not till after nine,—ten,—eleven for a pistole.

Enter Antonio, Don Lewis, and Lawyer.

Ant. Well said, Clody; my noble brother, welcome, my fair daughter, I give you joy.

Clo. And so will I too, sir. *Alons! Vivons! Chansons!*

Dansons! Hey! L'entre jour, &c. *(Sings and dances, &c.)*

Ant. Well said again, boy. Sir, you and your writings are welcome. What, my angry brother! nay, you must have your welcome too, or we shall make but a flat feast on't.

D Lew. Sir I am not welcome, nor I won't be welcome, nor no body's welcome, and you are all a parcel of—

Cha. What, sir;

D Lew.—Miserable wretches—sad dogs.

Ant. Come, pray, sir, bear with him, he's old and hasty; but he'll dine and be good company for all this.

D Lew. A strange lye, that,

Clo. Ha, ha, ha! poor testy, ha, ha!

D Lew. Don't laugh my dear rogue, pr'ythee don't laugh now; faith, I shall break thy head, if thou dost.

Don Carlos. Gad! so! why, then I find you are angry at me; dear uncle.

D Lew. Angry at thee, hey puppy? Why, what—what dost thou see in that lovely hatchet face of thine, that's worth my being out of humour at? Blood and fire, ye dog, get out of my sight, or—

Ant. Nay, brother, this is too far—

D Lew. Angry at him, a son of a—son's son of a whore.

Clo. Ha, ha, poor devil—

D Lew. I'd fain have somebody poison him. *(To himself.)*

Ah, that sweet creature! Must this fair flower be cropp'd to stick up in a piece of rascally earthen ware? I must speak to her—Puppy, stand out of my way.

Clo. Ha, ha! ay, now for't.

D Lew. *(To Angelina.)*—ah!—ah! Madam—I pity you; you're a lovely young creature, and ought to have a handsome man yoked to you, one of understanding too—I am sorry to say it, but this fellow's skull's extremely thick—he can never get any thing upon that fair body, but muffs and shuff boxes; or, say, he should have a thing shaped like a child, you can make nothing of it but a taylor.

Clo. Ods me! why, you are testy, my dear uncle.

D Lew. Will nobody take that troublesome dog out of my sight—I can't stay where he is—I'll go see my poor boy Carlos I've disturb'd you, madam; your humble servant.

Ant. You'll come again, and drink the bride's health brother?

D Lew. That lady's health I may; and if she'll give me leave, perhaps sit by her at table too.

Clo. Ha, ha; bye nuncle.

D Lew. Puppy, good bye—

(Exit D Lewis.)

Ang. An odd-humour'd gentleman.

Ant. Very odd indeed, child; I suppose in pure spite, he'll make my son Carlos his heir.

Ang. Methinks I would not have a light head, nor one den with too much learning, as my father says this Carlos is; there's something hid in that gentleman's concern for him, that speaks him not so mere a dog.

Ant. Come, shall we go and seal, brother? the priest stays with us; when Carlos has sign'd the conveyance, as he shall presently, we'll then to the wedding, and so to dinner.

Cha. With all my heart, sir,

Clo. Allons! ma chère Princesse.

(Exit.)

Enter Carlos, Don Lewis, and Sancho.

D Lew. Nay, you are undone.

Car. Then I must study, sir, to bear my fortune.

D Lew. Have you no greater feeling?

San. You were sensible of the great book, sir, when it fell upon your head; and won't the ruin of your fortune stir you?

Car. Will he have my books too?

D Lew. No, no, he has a book, a fine one too, call'd *The Gentleman's Recreation*; or, *The secret Art of getting sons*

and daughters: Such a creature—a beauty in folio—would thou hadst her in thy study, Carlos, tho' it were but to newclasp her.

San. He has seen her, sir.

D Lew. Well, and—and—

San. He flung away his book, sir.

D Lew. Did he faith—would he had flung away his humour too, and spoke to her.

Car. Must my brother then have all?

San. All that your father has, sir. — *D Lew.* All, all.

Car. And that fair creature too?

San. Ay, sir— *D Lew.* Hey

Car. He has enough, then.

(*Sighing.*

D Lew. He have her, Carlos! why would, would, that is hey!

Car. May I not see her, sometimes, and call her sister? I'll do her no wrong.

D Lew. I can't bear this! 'Sheart, I should cry for madness, Flesh and fire! do but speak to her, man.

Car. I cannot, sir, her look requires something of that distant awe, words of that soft respect, and yet such force and meaning too, that I should stand confounded to approach her, and yet I long to wish her joy.—O were I born to give it too!

D Lew. Why, thou shalt wish her joy, boy; faith she is a good humour'd creature, she'll take it kindly.

Car. Do you think so, unc'e?

D Lew. I'll to her, and tell her of you.

Car. Do, sir,—Stay, uncle—will she not think me rude? I would not for the world offend her.

D Lew. 'Fend a fiddle stick—let me alone—I'll—I'll—

Car. Nay, but, sir; dear uncle.

D Lew. A hum! a hum!

[*Exit D Lewis.*

Enter Antonio and the Lawyer with a writing.

Ant. Where's my son?

San. There, sir, casting a figure: what chopping children his brother shall have, and where he shall find a new father for himself.

Ant. I shall find a stick for you, rogue, I shall. Carlos, how dost thou do? Come hither, boy.

Car. Your pleasure, sir?

Ant. Nay, no great matter, child, only to put your name here a little, to this bit of parchment; I think you write a reasonable good hand Carlos.

Car. Pray, sir, to what use may it be?

Ant. Only to pass your title in the land I have, to your brother Clodio.

Car. Is is no more, sir? — *Law.* That's all, sir.

Ant. No, no, 'tis nothing else; look you, you shall be provided for, you shall have what books you please, and your means shall come in without your care, and you shall always have a servant to wait on you.

Car. Sir I thank you; but if you please, I had rather sign it before the good company below; it being, sir, so frank

D

LOVE MAKES A MAN; OR,

'twill be some small compliment to have it done before
taly too: there I shall sign it chearfully, and wish my bro-
r fortune.

Ant. With all my heart, child; it is the same thing to me.

Car. You'll excuse me, sir, if I make no great stay with you.

Ant. Do as thou wilt, thou shalt do any thing thou hast a
mind to. (*Exit Antonio, Carlos, and lawyer.*)

San. Now he has undone himself for ever; oddsheart, I'll
down into the cellar, and be stark drunk for anger. (*Exit.*)

The SCENE changes to a dining room.

*Enter Charino with Angelina, Clodio, Don Lewis, Priest, and
a Lawyer.*

Law. Come, let him bring his son's hand, and all's done:
are you ready, sir.

Priest. Sir, I shall dispatch them presently, immediately;
for in truth I am an hungry.

Clo. I gad, I warrant you, the priest and I could both fall
to without saying grace—Ha! you little rogue—what you
think it long too?

Ang. I find no fault, sir; better things were well done, than
done too hastily—Sir you look melancholy. (*To D Lewis.*)

D Lew. Sweet smelling blossom—ah that I had the gather-
ing of thee—I would stick the in the bosom of a pretty young
fellow—Ah! thou hast mis'd a man (but that he is so be-
witch'd to his study,) so far above this feather headed puppy—

Ang. Can he talk, sir?

D Lew. Like an angel—to himself—the devil a word to a
woman: his language is all upon the high business: to Hea-
ven, and heavenly wonders, to nature, and her dark and secret
causes.

Ang. Does he speak so well there, sir.

D Lew. To admiration! such curiosities! but he can't look
a woman in the face; if he does, he blushes like fifteen.

Ang. But a little conversation, methinks—

D Lew. Why, so I think too; but the boy's bewitched, and
the devil can't bring him to't: shall I try if I can get him to
wish you joy?

Ang. I shall receive it as becomes his sister, sir.

Clo. Look, look, old testy will fall in love by and by; he's
hard at it, split me.

Cha. Let him alone, she'll fetch him about, I warrant you.

Clo. So, here my father comes—now, priest—hey! my
brother too—that's a wonder—broke like a spirit from his cell.

Enter Antonio and Carlos.

D Lew. Odso—here he is—that's he—a little inclining to
the lean, or so, but his understanding's the fatter for't.

Ant. Come, Carlos, twere your desire to see my fair daugh-
ter and the good company, and to seal before 'em all, and give
your brother joy.

Cha. He does well; I shall think the better of him as long
as I live.

THE FOP'S FORTUNE.

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Car. Is this the lady, sir?

Ant. Ay, that's your sister, Carlos.

Car. Forbid it love—(*Aside.*) Do you not think she'll grace our family?

Ant. No doubt on't, sir.

Car. Should I not thank her for so unmerited a grace?

Ant. Ay, and welcome, Carlos.

D Lew. Now, my boy—give her a gentle twist by the fingers—lay your lips softly, softly, close and plum to her.

(*Apert to Carlos.*)

Car. Pardon a stranger's freedom, lady—(*Salutes Angelina*) Dissolving softness—O the drowning joy—Happy, happy he that sips eternally such nectar down, that unconfin'd may lave and wanton there in fateless draughts of ever springing beauty—But you, fair creature, share by far the higher joy; if, as I've read (nay, now am sure) the sole delight of love lies only in the power to give,

Ang. How near his thoughts agree with mine—This the mere scholar I was told of (*Aside.*)—I find, sir, you have experienced love, you seem acquainted with the passion.

Car. I've had, indeed, a dead pale glimpse in theory, but never saw th' enlivening light before.

Ang. Ha, before!

(*Aside.*)

Ant. Well, these are very fine compliments, Carlos; but you say nothing to your brother yet.

Car. O yes, and wish him, sir, with any other beauty (if possible) more lasting joy than I could taste with her.

Ang. He speaks unhappily.

Clo. Ha!—what do you say, brother?

Ant. Nay, for my part, I don't understand him.

Cha. Nor I.

D Lew. Stand clear, I do—and that sweet creature too, I hope.

Ang. Too well I fear.

(*Aside.*)

Ant. Come, come, to the writing, Carlos; prythee leave thy studying, man.

Car. I'll leave my life first; I study now to be a man; before, *what man was*, was but my *argument*;—I am now on the *proof*! I find, I feel myself a man—nay, I fear it too.

D Lew. He has it—he has it—my boy's in for't.

Clo. Come, come, will you—

D Lew. Stand out of the way, puppy.

(*Interposing,*)

Car. Whence is it, fair, that while I offer speech to you, my thoughts want words, my words their free and honest utterance? Why is it thus I tremble at your touch, and fear your frown, yet should my dearest friend or brother dare to check my vain deluded wishes, O! I should turn and tear him like an offended lion—Is this, can it, must it be in a sister's power?

Clo. Come, come, will you sign brother?

D Lew. Time enough, puppy.

LOVE MAKES A MAN; Or,

Clo. I say, will you sign, brother?

Car. Away, I have no room for trifles! Room for an elder brother.

D Lew. Why, did not I bid thee stand out of the way now.

Ant. Ay, but this is trifling, Carlos; come, come, your hand man.

Car. Your pardon, sir, I cannot seal yet; had you only shew'd me land, I had resign'd it free, and proud to have bestow'd it to your pleasure: 'tis care, 'tis dirt, and trouble: but you have opened to me such a treasure, such unimagined mines of solid joy, that I perceive my temper stubborn now, even to a churlish avarice of love.

Ant. And so you won't part with your title, sir?

Car. Sooner with my soul of reason, be a plant, a beast, a fish, a fly, and odly make the number of things up, than yield one foot of land—if she be tied to't.

Cha. I don't like this; he talks odly, methinks.

Ang. Yet with a bravery of soul might warm the coldest heart

(*Aside.*)

Clo. Pshaw, pox, prythee, brother, you had better think of those things in your study, man.

Car. Go you and study, for 'tis time, young brother: turn o'er the tedious volumes I have read; think, and digest them well! the wholesomest food for green consumptive minds: nor dare to dream of marriage vows 'till thou hast taught thy soul, like mine, to love—Is it for thee to wear a jewel of this inestimable worth?

D Lew. Ah, Carlos! What say you to the scholar now, chicken?

Ang. A wonder!—Is this gentleman your brother, sir?

(*To Clodio.*)

Clo. Hey! no my—Madam, not quite—that is he is a little a kin by the—Pox on him, would he were buried—I can't tell what to say to him, split me.

Ant. Positively, you will not seal then, ha?

Car. Neither—I should not blindly say I will not seal—Let me intreat a moment's pause—for even yet, perhaps, I may.

(*Sighing.*)

Ang. Forbid it fortune!

Ant. O, may you so, sir!

Clo. Ay—sir—hey—What are you come to yourself, I find, 'heart.

Cha. Ay, ay, give him a little time, he'll think better on't I'll warrant you.

Car. Perhaps, fair creature, I have done you wrong, whose plighted love and hope went hand in hand together. O, forbid it love—forbid it nature and humanity—I have no land, no fortune, life or being, while your necessity of peace requires 'em.

Cha. Why ay, there's some civility in this

Clo. The fellow really talks very prettily.

THE FOP'S FORTUNE.

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Car. But if in bare compliance to a father's will, you now but suffer marriage, or what's worse, give it as an extorted bond, imposed on the simplicity of your youth, and dare confess you wish some honest friend would save, or free you from its hard conditions; I then again have land, have life, and resolution, waiting still upon your happier fortune.

Clo. Ha, ha! pert enough, that, I'gad; I long to see what this will come to!

Priest. In truth, unless somebody is married presently, the dinner will be spoil'd, and then—nobody will be able to eat it.

Car. Consider, fair one, now's the very crisis of our fate; you cannot have it sure, to ask if honour be the parent of my love: if you can love or live, and think your heart rewarded there, like two young vines we'll curl together, circling our souls in never ending joy; we'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit? one joy shall make us smile, one sorrow mourn; one age go with us, one hour of death shall close our eyes, and one cold grave shall hold us happy—Say but you hate me not! O speak, give me but the softest breath to that transporting thought.

Ang. Need I then speak! to say, I am far from hating you.—I would say more, but there is nothing fit for me to say.

Cha. I'll bear it no longer.—

Ang. On this you may depend, I cannot like that marriage which was proposed me.

Car. How shall my soul requite this goodness?

Cha. Beyond patience! this is downright insolence! roguery! part 'em!

Ant. Part 'em.

Clo. Ay, ay, part 'em, part 'em.

D Lew. Doll! dum! dum! (*Sings and draws in their defence.*)

Cha. Call an officer, I'll have 'em forced asunder.

Ang. Nay, then I am reduced to take protection here.

(*Goes to Carlos.*)

Car. O extasy of heart! transporting joy!

D Lew. Lorra! dorrol! lol! (*Sings and dances.*)

Cha. A plot! a plot! against my honour, murder, treason, gun-powder, I'll be revenged!

Ant. Sir, you shall have satisfaction.

Cha. I'll be revenged.

Ant. Carlos, I say, forego the lady.

Car. Never, while I have sense of being, life, or motion.

Clo. You won't? gadso! what, then I find I must lug out upon this business? *Aliens!* the lady sir!

D Lew. Lorra, dorrol, lol! (*Presenting his point to Clodio.*)

Car. Ho'd uncle, come brother, sheath your anger,—I'll do my best to satisfy you all—but first I would intreat a blessing here.

Ant. Out of my doors, thou art no son of mine. [*Exit Ant.*]

Car. I am sorry I have lost a father, sir—for you, brother, since once you had a seeming hope, in lieu of what you've lost, half of my birth-right.

Clo. No halves, no halves, the whole lady.

Car. Why, then the whole, if you can like the terms.

Clo. What terms? what terms? come, quick, quick.

Car. The first is this—[*Snatches Don Lewis's sword.*] Win her, and wear her; for on my soul, unless my body fail, my mind shall never yield thee up a thought in love.

D Lew. Gramercy, Carlos! to him boy, I'gad, this love has made a man of him.

Car. This is the first good sword I ever poised in anger yet, 'tis sharp, I'm sure: if it but hold my putting home, I shall so hunt your insolence;—I feel the fire of ten strong spirits within me: wert thou a native fencer, in so fair a cause, I thus should hold thee at the worst defiance.

Clo. Look you, brother, take care of yourself, I shall certainly be in you the first thrust; but if you had rather, d'ye see, we'll talk a little calmly about this business.

Car. Away, trisler! I would be loth to prove thee a coward too.

Clo. Coward; why then, really, sir, if you please, midriff's the word, brother; you are a son of a whore—*Allons!*

(*They fight. Cloelio is disarmed.*)

Car. There, sir, take your life—and mend it—

Ang. Are you wounded, sir?

Car. Only in my fears for you: how shall we bestow us uncle?

D Lew. Positively we are not safe here, this lady being an heiress. Follow me.

Car. Good angels guard us.

(*Exeunt with Ang.*)

Clo. Gadso, I never fenced so ill in all my life—never in my life, split me!

Enter Monsieur.

Monf. Siro, here be de trompette, de haut-boy, de musique, de maitre danser, dat deseer to know if you sal be please to ave de masque begin.

Clo. Hey! what does this puppy say now?

Monf. Sire, de musique.

Clo. Why ay—that's true—but—tell 'em—plague on 'em tell 'em they are not ready-tuned.

Monf. Sire, dare is all tune, all prepare.

Clo. Ay! why, then, tell 'em that my brother's wife again, and has spoil'd all, and I am bubbled, and so I shan't be married till next time: but I have fought with him, and he has disarm'd me; and so he won't release the land, nor give me my mistress again; and I—I am undone, that's all. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Charino, Antonio, officers and servants.

Cha. Officer, do your duty: I say, seize 'em all.

Ant. Carry 'em this minute before a—How now! what all fled?

Cha. Ha! my girl! my child! my heiress! I am abused! I am cheated! I am robbed! I am ravished! murdered; and flung in a ditch.

Ant. Who let 'em out? which way went they villains?

Serv. Sir, we had no order to stop them; but they went out at that door.

Cha. I'll pursue them with bills, warrants, actions, writs and malice: I'm a lawyer, fir; they shall find I understand ruin.

Ant. Nay, they shall be found, fir; run you to the port, firrah; see if any ships are going off, and bring us notice immediately.

Enter Sancho drunk.

San. Ban, ban, cac-caliban!

Ant. Here comes a rogue, I'll warrant, knows the bottom of all, where's my son, villain?

San. Son, fir!

Cha. Where's my daughter, firrah?

San. Daughter, fir!

Cha. Ay, my daughter, rascal!

San. Why, fir, they told me just now, fir—that she's—she's run away.

Ant. Dog, where's your master?

San. My master, why, they say he is—

Ant. Where, firrah?

San. Why, he is—he is—gone along with her.

Ant. Death! you dog, discover him, or—

San. Sir, I will—I will.

Ant. Where is he villian?

San. Where, fir? why, to be sure he is—he is—upon my soul, I don't know, fir.

Ant. No more trifling, rascal.

San. If I do, I wish this may be my poison. *(Drinks.)*

Ant. Death! you dog, get out of my house, or I'll—so fir, have you found him?

Re-enter the servant hastily, Clodio and Monsieur.

Clo. Ay, fir, have you found 'em?

Serv. Yes, fir, I had a sight of 'em; but they were just got on board a small vessel, before I could overtake 'em.

Cha. Death and furies!

Ant. Whither were they bound, firrah?

Serv. Sir, I could not discover that; but they were full before the wind, with a very smart gale.

Ant. What shall we do, brother?

Clo. Be as smart as they, fir; follow 'em; follow 'em.

Cha. Send to the port this moment, and secure a ship; I'll pursue e'm thro' all the elements.

Clo. I'll follow you by the nothern star.

Ant. Run to the port again, rogue: hire a ship, and tell 'em they must hoist sail immediately.

Clo. And you rogue, run to my chamber, fill up my stuff-box—crum it hard, you dog, and be here again before you get this.

(Exit servant.)

Ant. What, will you take nothing else, boy?

Clo. Nothing, fir, but snuff and opportunity—we're in haste.

Albans hey; je vole.

(Exeunt.)

LOVE MAKES A MAN; Or,

ACT, III. *The SCENE Lisbon.**Enter Elvira, Don Duast, and Governor.*

Elv. **D**EAR brother, let me intreat you, stay; why will you provoke your danger?

D Du. Madam, my honour must be satisfied.

E v. That's done already by the degrading blow you gave him.

Gov. Pray, niece, what is it has incensed him?

E v. Nothing but a needless quarrel.

Gov. I am sorry for him—to whom is all this fury nephew?

D Du. To you, sir, or any man that dares oppose me.

Gov. Come, you are too boisterous, sir; and this vain opinion of your courage, taken on your late success in duelling, makes you daily shunned by men of civil conversation. For shame, leave off these senseless brawls; if you are valiant, as you would be thought, turn out your courage to the wars; let your king and country be the better for't.

D Du. Yes, so I might be general—Sir, no man living shall command me.

Gov. Sir, you shall find that here in Lisbon I will: I'm every hour followed with complaints of your behaviour from men of almost all conditions; and my authority, which you presume will bear you out, because you are my nephew, no longer shall protect you now: expect your next disorder to be punished with as much severity, as his that is a stranger to my blood.

D Du. Punish me! you nor your office dare not do't.

G v. Away! justice dares do any thing she ought.

Elv. Brother, this brutal temper must be cast off: when you can master that, you shall gladly command my fortune. But if you still persist, expect my prayers and vows for your conversion only; but never means or favour.

D Du. Fire! and furies! I'm tutored here like a mere school-boy! women shall judge of injuries in honour!—For you, sir, —I was born free, and will not curb my spirit, nor is it for your authority to tempt it: give me the usage of a man of honour, or 'tis not your government shall protect you. (*Exit*)

Gov. I am sorry to see this, niece, for your sake.

Elv. Would he were not my brother.

Enter Don Manuel, with Angelina, and Sailer.

D Man. Divide the spoil amongst you: this fair captive I only challenge for myself.

Gov. Ha, some prize brought in.

Sail. Sir, she's yours; you fought and well deserve her.

Gov. Noble Don Manuel! welcome on shore, I see you are fortunate; for I presume that's some uncommon prize.

D Man. She is indeed—these ten years I have known the seas, and many rough engagements there; but never saw so small a bark so long defended, with such incredible valour, and by two men scarce armed too.

G v. Is't possible.

D Man. Nay, and their contempt of death, when taken, exceeds even all they acted in their freedom.

Gov. Pray, tell us, sir.

D Man. When they were brought on board us, both disarm'd, and ready to be fettered, they looked as they had sworn never to take the bread of bondage, and on a sudden snatching up their swords, (the younger taking first from this fair maid a farewell only with his eyes) both leapt into the sea.

Gov. 'Tis wonderful indeed.

D Man. It wrought so much upon me, had not our own safety hindered, (at that time a great ship pursuing us) I would in charity have taken 'em up, and with their lives they should have had their liberty.

Ang. Too late, alas! they're lost, (heart-wounding thought,) for ever lost,—I now am friendless, miserable, and a slave.

D Man. Take comfort, fair one, perhaps you yet again may see 'em: they were not quite a league off the shore, and with such strength and courage broke through the rolling waves, they could not fail of life and safety.

Ang. In that last hope, I brook a wretched being: but if they're dead, my woes will find so many doors to let out life, I shall not long survive 'em.

Elv. Alas! poor lady, come, sir, misery but weeps the more, when she is gaz'd on—we trouble her.

Gov. I wait on you: your servant, sir. [*Ex. Elv. and Gov.*]

D Man. Now, my fair captive, tho' I confess you beautiful, give me leave to own my heart has long been in another's keeping; therefore the favour I am about to ask, you may at least hear with safety.

Ang. This has engag'd me, sir, to hear.

D Man. These three years have I honourably loved a noble lady, her name Louisa, the beautiful niece of great Ferrara's duke: her person and fortune uncontrol'd, sole mistress of herself and me; who long have languish'd in an hopeless constancy. Now I perceive, in all your language, and your look a softening power, nor can a suit by you promoted be denied: therefore I would awhile intreat your leave to recommend you, as her companion, to this lady's favour: and (as I am sure you'll soon be near her closest thoughts) if you can think up the honest courtesies I hitherto have shewn your modesty, and in your happy talk, but name with any mark of favour, me, or my unwearied love, 'twould be a generous act would fix me ever grateful to its memory.

Ang. Such poor assistance, sir, as one distress'd like me, can give, shall willingly be paid: If I can steal but any thoughts from my own misfortunes, rest assured, they'll be employed in healing yours.

D Man. I'll study to deserve this goodness; for the present think my poor house your own; at night I'll wait on you to the lady, till when I am your guard,

Ang. You have bound me to your service—

[*Exeunt D. Manuel, and Angelina.*]

LOVE MAKES AMAN; Or,

ended, several walking out. Carlos and Don Lewis rising near Louisa and Honoria. Louisa observing Carlos.

Hon. Come, madam, shall we walk out? the croud's pretty well over now.

Lew. But then that melancholy softness in his looks. [*To herself.*

Hon. Cousin! Donna Louisa!

Lou. Even in his devotions too, such graceful adorations—so sweet a—

Hon. Cousin, will you go?

Lou. Pshaw, time enough—pr'ythee let's walk a little this way.

Hon. What's the matter with her?

[*They walk from D. Lewis and Carlos.*

Car. To what are we reserved!

D Lew. For no good, I am afraid—my ill luck don't use to give over, when her hand's in; she's always in haste—One misfortune generally comes galloping in upon the back of another—drowning we have escaped miraculously; would the fear of hanging were over too; our being so strangely saved from one, smells damnable rank of the other. Tho' I am obliged to thee, Carlos, for what life I have, and I'll thank thee for't if ever I set foot on my estate again: faith, I was just gone; if thou hadst not taken me upon thy back the last hundred yards, by this time I had been food for herrings and mackarel—but its pretty well as it is; for there's not much difference between starving and drowning—all in good time—we are poor enough in conscience, and I don't know but two days more fasting might really make us hungry too.

Lou. They are strangers then, and seem in some necessity.

[*Aside.*

Car. These are light wants to me, I find 'em none, when weighed with Angelina's loss; when I reflect on her distress; O! I could wish the fate that saved us from the ocean's fury, in kinder pity of our loves distress, had buried us in one wave embracing.

Lou. How tenderly he talks! this were indeed a lover. [*Aside.*

D Lew. A most unhappy loss indeed, but come don't despair, boy; the ship that took us was a Portuguese, of Lisbon too, I believe; who knows but some way or other we may hear of her yet? come don't be melancholy.

Car. Have I not cause? were not my force of faith superior to my hopeless reason, I could not bear the insults of my fortune; but I have raised myself, by elevated faith, as far above despair, as reason lifts me from the brute.

D Lew. Why now, would not this make any one weep, to hear a young man talk so finely, when he is almost famished?

Lou. What are you saying, cousin?

Hon. I would have said, madam, but you would not hear me.

Lou. Pr'ythee forgive me, I was in the oddest thought; let's walk a little. I'll have him dogged [*Aside.*] Jaques! [*Whispers.*] what was't you asked me cousin?

Hon. The reason of your aversion to Don Manuel? you know he loves you.

Lou. I hate his love—Did you observe those strangers that walk'd by us.

Hon. Not much, but what of them?

Lou. Did you hear nothing of their talk?

Hon. I think I did; one of 'em, the younger, seemed concern'd for a lost mistress.

Lou. Ay, but so near, so tenderly concerned, his looks, as well as words, speaking an inward grief, that could not flow from every common passion: I must know more of him.

Hon. What do you mean?

Lou. —Must speak to him.

Hon. By no means.

Lou. Why, you see they are strangers, I believe in some necessity; and since they seem not born to beg relief, to offer it unasked, would add some merit to the charity.

Hon. Consider,

Lou. I hate it—fir—fir—

D Lew. Would you speak with me, madam?

Lou. If you please, with your friend—not to interrupt you fir.

Car. Your pleasure, lady?

Lou. You seem a stranger, fir.

Car. A most unfortunate one.

Lou. If I am not deceived, in want: pardon my freedom—if I have erred, as freely tell me so; if not, as earnest of your better fortune, this trifle sues for your acceptance.

D Lew. Take it boy.

Car. A bounty so unmerited, and from an hand unknown, fills me with surprise and wonder: but give me leave, in honesty, to warn you, lady, of a too heedless purchase; for if you mean it as the bribe to any evil you would have me practise, be not offended, if I dare not take it.

Lou. You are too scrupulous; I have no hard designs upon your honesty—only this—be wise and cautious, if you should follow me; I am observed, farewell. Jaques!—Will you walk cousin—*(Whispers Jaques)*—and bring me word immediately—I am going home.

Exeunt Lou. and Hon.

D Lew. Let's see, od'sheart—follow her, man—why, 'tis all gold.

Car. Dispose it as you please,

D Lew. I'll first have a better title to't—No, 'tis all thine boy—I hold an hundred pistoles she's some great fortune in love with you—I say, follow her—since you have lost one wife before you had her, I'd have you make sure of another before you lose her.

Car. Fortune, indeed, has dispossest her of my person; but her firm title to my heart, not all the subtle arts or laws of love can shake or violate.

D Lew. Pr'ythee follow her now; methinks I'd fain see thee in bed with somebody before I die.

Car. Be not so poor in thought; let me intreat you, rather to employ 'em, sir, with mine, in search of Angelina's fortune.

D. Lew. Well, dear Carlos, don' chide me now. I do love thee, and I will follow thee. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE the Street. *Enter Antonio and Charino.*

Ant. You heard what the sailor said, brother, such a ship has put in here, and such persons were taken in it. Therefore my advice is, immediately to get a warrant from the government to search and take 'em up wherever we can find 'em.

Cha. Sir, you must not tell me—I won't be choused of my daughter! I shall expect her, sir; if not, I'll take my course; I know the law. *(Walks about.)*

Ant. You really have a great deal of dark wit, brother; but if you know any course better than a warrant to search for her, in the name of wisdom, take it; if not, here's my oath, and yours, and—how now, where's Clody?—oh here he comes—

Enter Clodio, searching his pockets.

How now—what's the matter, boy?

Clo. Ay, it's gone, split me.

Ant. What's the matter?

(Louder.)

Clo. The best joint in christendom.

Ant. Clody—

Clo. Sir, I have lost my snuff-box.

Ant. Phaw, a trifle? get thee another man.

Clo. Sir, 'tis not to be had besides, I dare not shew my face at Paris without it. What do you think her grace will say to me?

Cha. Well, upon second thoughts, I am content to search.

Clo. I have searched all my pockets fifty times over, to no purpose.

Cha. Pockets!

Clo. It's impossible to fellow it, but in Paris—I'll go to Paris split me. *(Aside.)*

Cha. To Paris! Why you don't suppose my daughter's there, sir?

Clo. I don't know but she may, sir: but I am sure they make the best joints in Europe there.

Cha. Joints—my son in law that should have been, seems strangely altered for the worse. But come let's to the governor.

Clo. I'll have it cried, faith; or, if that won't do, I have a lucky thought; I'll offer thirty pistols to the finder, in the Paris Gazette, in pure compliment to the favours of Madam le Duchesse de—Mum. I'll do't faith.

Ant. Come along, Clody.

(Exeunt Ant. and Cha.)

Clo. Sir I must look a little, I'll follow you presently; my poor pretty box! ah, plague o' my sea voyage.

Enter a servant hastily with a flambeaux.

Serv. By your leave, sir, my master's coming; pray sir clear the way.

Clo. Ha! why thou art pert, my love; prythee, who is thy master, child.

Serv. The valient Don Duart, fir; nephew to the governor of Lisbon.

Clo. Well, child, and what? does he eat every man he meets.

Serv. No, fir, but he challenges every man that takes the wall of him, and always sends me before to clear the way.

Clo. Ha! a pretty harmless humour that? Is this he child—you may look as terrible as you please, I must banter you, split me. *(Aside.)*

Enter Don Duart, stalking up to Clodio.

D Du. Do you know me, fir.

Clo. Hey—ho! *(Looks carelessly on him, and gapes.)*

D Du. Do you know me, fir?

Clo. You did not see my snuff-box, fir, did you?

D Du. Sir, in Lisbon no man asks me a question cover'd. *(Strikes off Clodio's hat.)* Now you know me.

Clo. Perfectly well, fir.—Hi—Hi—I like you mightily—you are not a bully, fir?

D Du. You are saucy, friend.

Clo. Ay, it's a way I have, after I'm affronted.—Thou art really the most extraordinary—umph—that ever I met with; now fir, do you know me, split me?

D Du. Know thee, take that, peasant.

(Strikes him, and both draw.)

Clo. I can't, upon my soul, fir; *allons!* now we shall come to a right understanding *(They fight.)*

Serv. Help—murder—help!

Clo. *Allons!* to our better acquaintance, fir; ahah! *(D Du. falls.)* he has it, never push'd better in my life, never in my life, split me.

Serv. O, my my master's killed, help ho—murder, help!

Clo. Hey—why faith, child, that's very true as thou say'st, and so the devil take the hindermost. *(Exit Clodio.)*

Enter Officers.

1st Off. How now—who's that cries murder?

Serv. O, my master's murder'd.

1st Off. 'Tis Don Duart, so, pride has got a fall; come let's carry the body to the good lady his sister Donna Elvira; come along. *(Exit with the body.)*

Enter Carlos and Don Lewis.

D Lew. Come along, Carlos, I'm sure, 'tis she by their description; and if that brawny dog, the captain, has play'd her no foul play, she shan't want ransom, if all my estate can purchase it.

Car. Now fortune guide us.

Enter Jaques and Bravoes, with a chair.

Jaques. That's he the talest—be sure you spare his person—only force him into this chair and carry him as directed.

1st Bra. What must be done with the old fellow?

Jaques. We must have him too, lest he should dog the other and be troublesome. If he won't come quietly, bring him any

how—Follow softly, we shall snap 'em as they turn the corner.

(*Exeunt.*)

A noise of fellow, &c. Enter Clodio hastily from the other side.

Clo. Ah—Pox of their noses! the dogs have smelt me out, what shall I do? if they take me I shall be hang'd, split me—ha! a door open—faith I'll in at a venture.

(*Exit.*)

Enter Bravoes with Car. in a chair, some haling in Don Lew.

D Lew. O my poor boy Carlos—Carlos—help—murder—

1st Bra. Hold your peace, fool, if you'd be well us'd.

D Lew. Sir, I will not hold my peace, dogs—rogues—villians—help murder!

1st Bra. Nay, then by your leave, old gentleman.—So, bring him along.

D Lew. Aw—aw—aw—(They gag him.)

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE a chamber, Elvira and her servant with lights.

E.v. Is not my brother come home yet?

Serv. I have not seen him, madam.

Elv. Go and seek him, every where—I'll not rest till you return; take away your lights too; for my devotions are written in my heart, and I shall read 'em without a taper.

(*Exeunt servants.*)

Enter Clodio stealing in.

Clo. Ah, poor Clody; what will become of thee? thy condition, I'm afraid, is but very indifferent—follow'd behind, stop't before, and beset on both sides; ah! pox o'my wit, I must be bantering must I? but let me see—where am I, an odd sort of a house this—all the doors open, and nobody in't, no noise, no whisper, no dog stirring.

Elv. Who's that?

Clo. Ha! a woman's voice.

Elv. Who are you? Who waits there? Stephano—Julia.

Clo. Gad'so, 'tis the lady of the house; she can't see my unfortunate face however. Faith, I'll e'en make a grave speech, tell her my case, and beg protection.

Elv. Speak! what are you!

Clo. Madam, a most unfortunate young gentleman.

Elv. I am sure you are a man of most ill manners, to press thus boldly to my private chamber. Whether would you? what want you?

Clo. Gracious madam, hear me; I am a stranger most unfortunate, and my distress has made me rudely press for your protection: if you refuse it, madam, I am undone for ever by—I say, madam, I am utterly undone! 'Twas coming, faith.

[*Aside.*]

Elv. Alas! his fear confounds him. What is't pursues you, sir?

Clo. An outcry of officers; the law's at my heels, madam, tho' justice I'm not afraid of.

Elv. How could you offend the one, and not the other.

Clo. Being provoked, madam, by the insolence of my ene-

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my, in my own defence, I just now left him dead in the street. I am a very young man, madam, and I would not willingly be hang'd in a strange country, methinks; which I certainly shall be, unless your tender charity protects me—Gad, I have a rare tongue, I have a rare tongue, faith. (*Aside.*)

Elv. Poor wretch, I pity him.

Clo. Madam, your house is now my only sanctuary, my altar; therefore I beg you, upon my knees, madam, take pity of a poor bleeding victim.

Elv. Are you a Castilian!

Clo. No, madam, I was born in—in—in—what d'ye call um—in—

Elv. Nay, I ask not with purpose to betray you; were you ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation we Portuguese most hate, in such distress, I yet would give you my protection.

Clo. May I depend upon you, madam? am I safe?

Elv. Safe as my power, my word, or vow can make you: enter that door, which leads you to a closet; should the officers come, as you expect, they owe such reverence to my lodgings, they'll search no farther than my leave invites 'em.

Clo. D'ye think, madam, you can persuade 'em?

Elv. Fear not, I'll warrant you; away.

Clo. The breath of gods, and the eloquence of angels, go along with you. (*Exit.*)

Elv. Alas! who knows but that the charity I afford this stranger, perhaps my brother, elsewhere, may stand in need of. Be of comfort, sir, once more I give you my solemn promise for your safety.

Enter servant and officers with Don Duart's body.

Serv. Here, bring in the body—O, madam, my master's kill'd.

Elv. What say'st thou?

Serv. He just now quarrell'd with a gentleman, who unfortunately kill'd him in the street.

1st Off. We are inform'd, madam, that the murderer was seen to enter this house, which made us press into it to apprehend him.

Enter two Maids. Clodio peeps in.

Clo. Hey—why, what the devil am I safer than I would be now? Exactly—I have nick'd the house to a hair—Just so did I at Paris too, when I took a lodging at a bailiff's that had three writs against me—This damn'd closet too has ne'er a chimney to creep out at—Ah, poor Clody! would thou wert fairly in a storm at sea again, for I am plaguily afraid thou wert not born to be drown'd. (*Retire.*)

Elv. O my unhappy brother—such an end as this thy haughty mind did long since prophesy! and to increase my misery, thy wretched sister wilfully must make a breach of what she has vow'd, or thou fall unrevenged.

LOVE MAKES A MAN ; Or,

Enter Governor.

Gov. Where's the unhappy fight? Alas, he's gone past all recovery. Reproof comes now to late.

Elv. It shall be so; I'll take the lighter evil of the two, and keep the solemn vow to which just heaven was witness: the wounds of perjury never can be cured, but justice may again overtake the murderer, when no rash vows protect 'em (*Aside.*

Gov. Take comfort, niece.

Elv. O forbear; search for the murderer, and remove the body at your discretion, sir, to be interr'd, while I shut out the offensive day, and here in solitude indulge my sorrow; therefore, I beg my nearest friends, and you, my lord, for some few days, to spare your charitable visits.

Gov. I grieve for your misfortune, niece; but since you'll have it so, we take our leaves; farewell—Bring forth the body.

(*Exeunt Governor and Servants with the body.*

Clo. Hey! what, are they gone away without me? and by her contrivance too——Gadso.

Elv. Whoe'er thou art, to whom I've given means of life, to let thee with what religion I have kept my vow, come fearless forth, while night's thy friend, and pass unknown.

Clo. If this is not love, the devil's in't. (*Aside.*

Elv. Fly with thy utmost speed, where I may never see thee more.

Clo. Ay, that's her modesty. (*Aside.*

Elv. And let that charitable faith thou hast found in me, persuade thee to atone thy crime by penitence.

Clo. Poor soul—I may find a better way to thank thee for't.

Elv. You are at the door now, farewell for ever.

Clo. Which is as much as to say, what would I give to see you again—All in good time, child— (*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE, A room in Louisa's house.

Enter Louisa and Jaques, servants waiting.

Lou. WERE they both seized?

Jaq. Both, madam, and will be here immediately, I ran before, to give your ladyship notice.

Lou. You know my orders; when they are enter'd, bar all the doors, and let every one be mute, as I directed—I must retire awhile. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Bravoes, who lets Carlos out of the chair, while others throw down Don Lewis gagged and bound.

Car. So, gentlemen, you'll find I've not resisted you—but now pray let me know my crime? why have you brought me hither? where am I? if in prison, look in my face, perhaps you have mistaken me for another. (*Jaques holds up his lantern, nods, and exit with the rest.*) You seem to know me, sir—All dumb, and vanish'd; my fortune's humorous, she sports with me.

D Lew. Aw! aw!

Car. What's here, a fellow prisoner, who are you ?

D Lew. Aw, aw !

Car. Do you speak no other language ?

D Lew. Aw, aw, aw !

(Louder.

Car. Nay, that's the same.

D Lew. Oh !

[Sighing.

Car. Poor wretch, I am afraid he would speak if he could.

(Re-enter Jaques and servants with lights, who release D. Lewis.

Sure they think I walk in my sleep, and won't speak, for fear of waking me.

D Lew. Sir your most humble servant ; and now my tongue's at liberty, pray, will you do me the favour to shew me the way home again ?

What a pox, are you all dumb ?—

(Exennt mutes.

Well, sir, and pray what are—Carlos ! ah ! my dear boy !

(Runs to him.

Car. My uncle, nay then my fortune has not quite forsaken me, how came you hither, sir !

D Lew. Faith, like a corpse into church, boy, with my heels foremost ; but pr'ythee how didst thou come ?

Car. You saw the men that seized us ; they forced me into a chair, and brought me.

D Lew. Well, but a pox plague 'em, what is all this for ? what would they have ?

Car. That we must wait their pleasure to be informed of.

D Lew. The sons of whores won't speak neither. Hey-day, what's to be done now ?

Enter Jaques, and servants, with a banquet, wine, and lights,

Car. More riddles yet ! I dream sure.

(Jaques compliments D. Lewis to take his chair.

D Lew. For me ? sir, your most humble servant ; (Sits.) Carlos ! sit down, boy.

Ha, ha, ha ! a parcel of silly dumb dogs, is this all the business ? puppies ! did they think I would not come to supper, without being brought neck and heels to't ?

Car. Amazement all ! what can it end in ?

D Lew. Never trouble thy head, pr'ythee ; pox of questions ; fall to, man—delicate food truly—here—dumb ! pry'thee give's a glass of wine, to wet the way a little : come, Carlos, here's, here's—honest dumb's health to thee : (Drinks) dumb's a very honest fellow, faith. (A Flourish.) Claps Jaques on the head.

Car. What harmony's this ?

D Lew. Rare music indeed ; let's eat and hear it. (Music hear. Mighty fine, truly—I have not made a heartier meal a great while.

(Here Jaques offers a night-gown and cap to D Lewis. Well, and what's to do now ? for me, boy ? odds ! we lie here do we ?—mighty well that again, faith ; for I was just thinking to go home, but that I had ne'er a lodging : nay, I always said honest dumb knew how to make his friends welcome—

well, but it's time enough yet, shan't we crack a bottle first? Carlos is melancholy. (*Jaques shakes his head.*) What! that's as much as to say, if I won't go, I shall be carried—sir, your humble servant: (*Puts on the gown.*) Well, Carlos, good night, since they won't let me have a mind to stay any longer! I'd give a pistole tho' to know what this will come to!—Dumb, come along. [*Exeunt D Lewis and Jaques.*]

Car. I'm buried in amazement—(*Music plays again.*) Ha! more music? I could almost say, t'were welcome now.

(*D. Lewis appears above.*)

D. Lew. So! at last I have groped out a window, that will let me into the secret; now if any foul play should happen, I am pretty near the street too, and can bawl out murder to the watch—but mum! the door opens!

Enter Louisa.

Hey, ah, what dull rogues we were not to suspect this before!—Dumb's a sly dog, 'tis she, faith,—tum, dum, dum—here will be fine work presently, roll, dum, di, dum, dum—Now I shall see what mettle my boy's made of; tum, dum, dum.

Lou. You seem amazed, sir.

Car. Your pardon, lady, if I confess it raises much my wonder, why a stranger, friendless, and unknown, should meet, unmerited, such floods of courtesy; for, if I mistake not, once this day before, I've tasted of your bounty.

Lou. I have forgot that; but I confess I saw you, sir.

Car. Why then was I forced hither? If you relieved me only from a soft compassion of my fortune, you could not think but such humanity might, on the slightest hint, have drawn me to be grateful.

Lou. I own I could not trust you to my fortune! I knew not but some other might have seen you—beside, me thought you spoke less kind to me before.

Car. If my poor thanks were offer'd in too plain a dress, as I confess, I am little practised in the rules of graced behaviour, rather think me ignorant, than rude, and pity what you cannot pardon.

Lou. Fy; you are too modest—how could you charge yourself with such a thought? I scarce can think 'tis in your nature to be rude—at least to our sex.

Car. 'Twere more unpardonable there.

Lou. Nay, now you are too strict on the other side; for there may happen times, when what the world calls rudeness, a woman might be brought to pardon; seasons, when even modesty were ignorance—pray be seated, sir—nay, I'll have it so—say, sometimes too much respect, pray be nearer, sir, were most offensive: suppose a woman were reduced to offer love, where could you find, at such a time, excuses for your modesty?

Car. If I could love again, my eyes would tell her: if not, I should not easily believe? at least, in manners, would not seem to understand her.

Lou. O! they have such subtle ways to steal into a lover,

heart; nay, if she's resolved, not all your strength of modesty can guard you; she'd press you still with plainer, stronger proofs, her life her fortune should be yours: for where a woman loves, such gifts as these are trifles.

(Gives him jewels.)

Car. Is't possible! can there be such a woman?

Lou. Fy! I could chide you now; you would not sure be thought so slow of apprehension!

Car. I would not willingly be thought so vain, or so uncharitable to suppose there could be such a one.

Lou. Nay, now you force me to forsake my sex, and tell you plain—I cannot speak it—yet you must know—but tell me, must I needs blush to own a passion that's so tender of you? I am this creature so reduced for you, and all you've seen supposed was natural, all but the soft result of growing love.

Car. Monstrous!

(Aside and rising.)

Lou. What is't you start at?

Car. Not for your beauty; tho' I confess you fair to a perfection, compleat in all that may engage the eye: but when that beauty fades, as time leaves none unvisited, what charms can then secure my love? your riches, no—an honest mind's above the bribes of fortune: for tho' distress'd, a stranger, and in want, I thus return 'em thankless; be modest, and be virtuous, I'll admire you; all good men will adore you: and when your beauty and your fortune are no more, will still deliver down your name rever'd to ages.

Lou. If I appear too free a lover, and talk beyond the usual courage of my sex forgive me; I'll be again the fearful, softening wretch, that you would have me: O! say you will be mine and make your own conditions. If you suspect my temper, bind me by the most sacred tie, and let my love, my person, and my fortune, lawfully be yours.

Car. Take heed! consider yet, even this humility be not the offspring of your first unruly passion: but since at least it carries something of a better claim to my concern, I'll be at once sincere, and tell you, 'tis impossible we should ever meet in love.

Lou. Impossible! O, why?

Car. Because my love, my vows, and faith, are given to another: therefore, since you find I dare be honest, be early wise, and now release me to my fortune.

Lou. I cannot part with you.

Car. You must! I cannot with my reason.—

Lou. Ungrateful! will you go? take heed! for you have proved I am not mistress of my temper.

Car. I see it, and am sorry, but needed not this threat to drive me; for still I dare be just, and force myself away. *[Exit Car.]*

Lou. O torture! left! refused! despised! have I thrown off my pride for this? O! insupportable! If I am not revenged, may all the—well.

(Walks disorder'd.)

D Lew. What a pox, are all these fine things come to nothing then?—Poor soul, she's in great heat truly—Ah, silly rogue!—now could I find in my heart to put her into good hu-

mour again—I have a great mind, faith—Odd, she's a hummer!
—A strange mind, I ha'nt had such a mind a great while—Héy
—ay, I'll do't, faith—if she does but stay now; ah, if she does
but stay!

(*As he was getting from the balcony, Louisa is speaking to Jaques.*)

Lou. Who waits there?

Enter Jaques.

Where's the stranger?

Jaq. Madam, I met him just now walking hastily about the gallery.

Lou. Are all the doors fast?

Jaq. All barr'd, madam.

Lou. Put out all your lights too, and on your lives let no one ask or answer him any question: but be you still near to observe him.

(*Exit Jaques.*)

Ah!

(*Don Lewis drops down.*)

D Lew. Odso, my back!

Lou. Blels me, who's this? who are you!

D Lew. Not above fifty, madam.

Lou. Whence come you? what's your business?

D Lew. Finishing.

Lou. Who shew'd, who brought you hither?

D Lew. Dumb, honest dumb.

Lou. Will you be gone, sir? I have no time to fool away.

D Lew. Yes, but you have; what don't I know?

Lou. Pray, sir, who? what is't you take me for?

D Lew. A delicate piece of work truly, but finish'd; you understand me.

Lou. You are mad, sir.

D Lew. I say, don't you be so modest; for there are times, do you see, when even modesty is ignorance, pray be scared, madam—nay, I'll have it so, ah!

(*Sits down and mimicks her behaviour to Carlos.*)

Lou. Confusion! have I exposed myself to this wretch too!
—had witnesses to my folly—nay, I deserve it (Stands mute.)

D Lew. So, so, I sha'll bring her to terms presently—you have a world of pretty jewels here, madam—ay, these now—these are a couple of fine large stones truly: but where a woman loves, such gifts as these are trifles.

(*Mimicks again.*)

Lou. Insupportable, within there!

Enter Jaques with bravoes.

D Lew. Hey!

(*Rising.*)

Jaq. Did your ladyship call, madam?

D Lew. I don't like her looks, faith.

(*Aside.*)

Lou. Here, take this fool, let him be gagg'd, tied neck and heels, and lock'd in a garret; away with him.

D Lew. Dumb, dumb, help, dumb, dumb, stand by me dumb, a pox of my finishing, aw, aw!

(*They gag him and Exit.*)

Re-enter Carlos in the dark.

Car. What can this evil woman mean me? the doors all barr'd, the lights put out, the servants mute, and she with fury

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in her eyes now shot regardless by me; I would the worst would shew itself. Ha, yonder's a light, I'll follow it, and provoke my fortune. [Exit.

The SCENE changes to another Room,

Angelina with a light.

Ang. I cannot like this house; for now, as going to my rest, my ears were 'larmed with the cries of one that called for help: I've seen strange faces too, that carry guilt and terror in their looks; and yet the officer that placed me here, appeared of honest thoughts—what can this mean, no matter what, since nothing but the loss of him I love, can worse befall me.—Hark, what noise! is the door fast? ah! *(Going to shut it.*

Re-enter Carlos and Jaques listening.

Car. Ha, another lady! and alone!

Ang. Heavens, how I tremble!

Car. Sure, by her surprise, she's not of the other's counsel—pardon this intrusion, lady, I am a stranger, and distressed, be not dismayed: I have no ill designs, unless to beg your charitable assistance be offensive.

Ang. Ha, that voice!

(Amazed.

Car. Save me, ye powers, and give me strength to bear this insupportable surprise of rushing joy.

Ang. My Carlos—oh!

Car. 'Tis she, my long lost love, my living Angelina.

(Embraces her.

Jaq. Say you so, sir, this shall to my lady. *(Exit Jaques.*

Ang. O! let me hold you ever thus, lest fate again should part us.

Car. 'Twas death indeed to part, but from so hard a separation, thus again to meet, is life restored; it draws whole years to hours, and we grow old with joy in moments.

Ang. O, I were happy blessed above my sex, could but my plain simplicity of love deserve your kind endearments—speak, Carlos.

Enter Jaques and Louisa at a distance.

Jaq. They are there? from hence your ladyship may hear 'em.

Lou. Leave me.

(Exit Jaques, and Louisa listens.

Ang. I cannot bear to see you thus: for my sake don't despond; for while you seem in hope, I shall easily be cheerful.

Car. O, thou engaging softness, thy courage has revived me; no, we'll not despair; the guardian power that hitherto has saved us, may now, with less expence of providence, protect and fix us happy—And yet our safety bids us part this moment. How came you hither?

Ang. The officer that made me captive, proved a worthy man, and placed me here as a companion to the lady of this dwelling.

Car. Ha, to what end?

Ang. He said to be the advocate of his successful love, for he confessed he wooed her honourably.

Car. Is't possible? is there a wretch so cursed among mankind, to be her honourable lover?

Lou. So!

(*In anger.*)

Car. Take heed, my love, avoid her as a disease to modesty.

Lou. Very well.

Car. Oh! I have a shameful tale to tell thee of her intemperance, as would subject her even to thy loathing.

Lou. Insolent!—well.

Ang. You amaze me; pray what is it?

Car. This is no time to tell; let it suffice, the doors are barred against me; now, this moment I am a prisoner to her fury; if thou canst help me to any means of safety, or escape, ask me no questions, but be quick, and tell me.

Ang. Now you frighten me; but here, through my apartment, leads a passage to the garden, at the lower end you'll find a mount; if you dare drop from thence, I'll shew you: but canst you say when I may hope again to see you?

Car. About an hour hence walking in the garden, ready for your escape: for if I live, I'll come provided with the means to make it sure—Now I dare thank thee, fortune.

Ang. You will not fail

Car. If I survive, depend on me; 'till when, may heaven support thy innocence.

Ang. Follow me—

(*Exeunt hastily.*)

Lou. Are you so nimble, sir? who waits there? (*Enter Jaques.*) Run, take help, and stop the stranger; he is now making his escape through the garden; fly. [*Exit Jaques.*] Love and revenge, like vipers, gnaw upon my my quiet. (*Enter Angelina, and exit on the other side.*) ha, she is returned, yonder she passes; with what assured contentment in her looks,—how pleased the thing is—strangely impudent—sure, the ugly creature thinks I won't strangle her. [*Enter Jaques.*] Now have you brought him?

Jaq. Madam, we made what haste we could, but the gentleman reached the mount before us, and escaped over the garden wall.

Lou. Escaped, villian, durst thou tell me so?

Jaq. If your ladyship had called me a little sooner, we had taken him. Who the devil is this stranger? [*Aside.*]

Lou. Fool that I am, I betray myself to my own servants,—well, 'tis no matter, bid the bravoës stay, I have directions for 'em: go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE the street.

Enter D. Duart disguised, with a Page.

D Du. Where did you find him?

Page. Hard by, sir, at an house of civil recreation; he's now coming forth; that's he.

Enter Clodio.

D Du. I scarce remember him, I would not willingly mistake—I'll observe him.

Clo. So, now if I can but pick up an honest fellow, to crack one healing bottle, I think I shall finish the day as smartly as the Grand Signor—hold, let me see, what has my hasty refresh-

ment cost me here ;—umb—umb—umb [*Counts his money.*] seven pistoles by jupiter !

D Du. 'Tis the same ; leave me [*Exit servant.*]
Your servant, sir

Clo. . . . Sir—your humble servant.

D Du. Pardon a stranger's freedom, sir ; but when you know my business—

Clo, Sir, if you'll take a bottle, I shall be proud of your acquaintance ; and if I don't do your business before we part, I'll knock under the table.

D Du. Sir, I shall be glad to drink with you, but at present am incapable of sitting to it.

Clo. Why then, sir, you shall only drink as long as you can stand ; we'll have a bottle here, sir.—Hey ! Madona ?

(*Calls at the door.*)

D Du. A very frank humoured gentleman ; I'll know him farther—I presume, sir, you are not of Portugal ?

Clo. No, sir,—I am a kind of a—what d'ye call 'um—a sort of a here—and—therian ; I am a stranger no where.

D Du. Have you travelled far sir ?

Clo. My tour of Europe, or so, sir ;—dangled about a little.

(*Enter servant with wine.*)

So, so, here's the wine, come, sir, to our better acquaintance—faith, I like you mightily—*Allons !* (*Drinks.*)

D Du. I find, sir, you have taken a taste, of all the countries you have traveled through ; but I presume your chief amusement has lain among the ladies : you fared well in France, I hope.

Clo. Yes faith, as my pocket would go : the devil a stroke without it ? no money, no madamoiselle ; no ducat, no duchess ; no pistole, no princess—by the way, let me tell you, sir, your Lisbonites are held up at a pretty smart rate too—I was forced to come down to the tune of seven pistoles here—Now, sir, in little England, where your gowns and cassocks are honestly married, your right women are as cheap as mackrel—Gad, sir, I have taken you a fasting velvet scarf out of the side box there, and the jade has jump'd at a beef-steak and a bottle ; nay, sometimes at coach-hire, and a single glass of cinnamon—seven pistoles, unconscionable ! od'sheart, in London, now for half the sum a man might have picked up the first rows of the middle gallery.

D Du. But I wonder, sir, that in a country so famed for handsome women, the men are so generally blamed for their scandalous usage of 'em.

Clo. O damn'd scandalous, sir, they use their mistresses as bad as their wives, faith. I tell you what, sir, I knew a citizen's daughter there, that ran away with a lord, who in the first six months of her preferment, never stirred out, but she made the ladies cry at her equipage ; and about eight months after, I think, one morning reeling pretty early into a certain house in the Savoy, I found the self-same, cast-off, solitary lady, in a room with bare walls, dressing her dear, pretty head there, in

the corner bit of a looking glass, prudently supported by a quarter brandy-pot, upon the head of an oyster barrel.

D Du. I find few mistresses make their fortunes there; but, pray, sir, among all your adventures, has no particular lady's merit encouraged you to advance your own marriage!

Clo. Sir, I have been so near marriage, that my wedding-day has been come, but it was never over yet; split me.

D Du. How so, sir?

Clo. Why, the priest, the bride, and the dinner, were all ready dressed, faith; but before I could fall to, my elder brother, sir, comes in with a damn'd long stride, and a sharp stomach—says a short grace, and—whipp'd her like an oyster.

D Du. You had ill fortune, sir.

Clo. Sir, fortune is not much in my debt, for you must know, sir, tho' I lost my wife, I have escaped hanging since here in Lisbon.

D Du. That I know you have; be not amazed, sir.

Clo. Hey, what the devil, have I been all this while treating an officer, that has a warrant against me—pray, sir, if it be no offence—may I beg the favour to know who you are?

D Du. Let it suffice, I own myself your friend—I am your debtor, sir; you fought a gentleman they called Don Duart—I knew him well; he was a proud, insulting fellow, and my mortal foe; but you killed him, and I thank you; nay, I saw you do it fairly too; and for the action, I desire you will command my sword or fortune.

Clo. Pray, sir—is there no joke in all this?

D Du. I am sincere: I ask for no return, but to be informed how I may do you farther service. *(Gives him a purse.)*

Clo. Sir, your health,—I'll give you information presently. *(Drinks.)* pray, sir, do you know the gentleman's sister that I fought with? that is, do you know what reputation, what fortune she has?

D Du. I know her fortune to be worth above twelve thousand pistoles; her reputation yet unfulfilled; but pray, sir, why may you ask this?

Clo. Now, I'll tell you, sir—twelve thousand pistoles, you say!

D Du. I speak the least, sir.

Clo. Why, this very lady, after I killed her brother, gave me the protection of her house; hid me in her closet, while the officers that brought in the dead body came to search for me; and as soon as their backs were turned, poor soul! hurried me out at a private door, with tears in her eyes, faith; Now, sir, what think you? Is not this hint broad enough for a man to make love upon.

D Du. Confusion!

Clo. Look you, sir, now, if you dare, give me a proof of your friendship; will you do me the favour to carry a letter to her?

D Du. Let me consider, sir—Death and fire! is all her height of sorrow but dissembled then? A prostitute, even to the man

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supposed my murderer! If it be true, the consequence is soon resolved—but this requires my farther search (*Aside.*) May I depend on this for truth, sir?

Clo. Why, sir, you don't suppose I'd banter a lady of her quality?

D Du. Damnation! Well, sir, I'll take your letter. But first let me be well acquainted with my errand.

Clo. Sir, I'll write this moment; if you please, we'll step into the house here, and finish the business over another bottle.

D Du. With all my heart.

(*Exeunt.*)

Clo. Allons! *Entrez.*

ACT V. SCENE Elvira's house.

Elvira is discovered alone, in mourning, a lamp by her. Don Duart enters behind disguised.

D Du. **T**HUS far am I passed unknown to any of the servants—now for the proof of what I fear—Ha! yonder she is—This close retirement, those sable colours, the solemn silence that attends her, no friends admitted, nor even the day to visit her: these seem to speak a real sorrow; but if not, the counterfeit is deep indeed—I'll fathom it. (*Aside.*) Madam—

Elv. Who's there? another murderer; where are my servants? will nothing but my sorrows wait upon me?

D Du. Your pardon, lady; I have no evil meaning! this letter will inform you of my business, and excuse this rude intrusion.

Elv. For me! whence comes it, sir?

D Du. The contents, madam, will explain to you—She seems amazed! looks almost thro' the letter—I should suspect the stranger had belied her, but that he gave me such convincing circumstances—Ha! she pauses—S'death—a smile too—I fear her now!

Elv. My prayers are heard; justice has at length has overtaken the murderer: but 'twere not safe to shew my thought; therefore to be just, I must dissemble. (*Aside.*) I ask your pardon for my rudeness, sir: upon your friend's account, you might indeed, have claimed a better welcome.

D Du. So! then she's lost I find. But I'll have more, and bring 'em face to face, (*Aside.*) My friend, madam, thought his visits should be unseasonable, before the sad solemnity of your brother's funeral.

Elv. A needless fear—my brother, sir! alas, I owe your friend my thanks, for having eased our family of so scandalous a burthen! a riotous, unmanner'd fellow; I blush to speak of him.

D Du. O, patience! patience!

(*Aside.*)

Elv. Pray, let him know, his absence was the real cause of this mistaken mourning; 'tis true, indeed, I give it out 'tis for my brother's death; but womens hearts and tongues, you know, must not always hold alliance; you'd think us fond and forward, should not we now and then dissemble.

D Du. How shall I forbear her?

(*Aside.*

Elv. I grow impatient 'till he's wholly mine—to morrow! 'tis an age! I'll make him mine to night—I'll write to him this minute—Can you have patience, sir, 'till I prepare a letter for you?

D Du. You may command me, madam.

Elv. I'll dispatch immediately—will you walk this way, sir.

D Du. Madam, I wait on you—Revenge and dangers!

(*Exeunt.*

The SCENE Louisa's house.

Enter Louisa and Jaques

Lou. Is the lady seized?

Jaq. Yes, madam, and half dead with the fright.

Lou. Let 'em be ready to procure her, as I directed: When the stranger's taken, bring me immediate notice: 'tis near his time, away. (*Exit Jaques.*) Had he not loved another, methinks I could have born this usage, Hark! what noise—they have him sure—How now.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Madam, the gentleman is taken.

Lou. Bring him in—Revenge I thank thee now.

Enter Bravoes with Carlos disarm'd.

So, sir, you are return'd it seems; you can love then! You have an heart, I find, tho' not for me! Perhaps you came to seek a worthier mistress here; 'twould be uncharitable to disappoint your love—I'll help you search: if she be here, besure she's safe!—Open that door there.

SCENE draws and discovers Angelina with Bravoes ready to strangle her.

Now, sir, is this the lady?

Car. My Angelina—Oh!

Ang. O miserable meeting!

Lou. Now let me see you smile, and rudely throw me from your arms! now scorn my love, my person, and my fortune, now let your squeamish virtue fly me as a disease to modesty! and tell her now your shameful tale of my intemperance!

Car. O cruelty of fate! that could betray such innocence!

Lou. What, not a word to soften thour wretched fool, thus to provoke thy ruin—End her. (*To the Bravoes.*

Car. O hold! for pity hold, and hear me.

Lou. I've learn'd from you to use my pity—On one condition she yet lives an hour, but if refused—

Car. Name not a refusal, be it danger, death, or tortures, any thing that life can do to save her.

Lou. Now then, this moment kneel and curse her.

Car. Preserve her, heaven, and snatch her from the jaws of gaping danger (*Kneeling.*) O, may the watchful eye of providence, that never sleeps o'er innocence distress'd, look nearly to her; or if some miracle alone can save her, the ever waking sun, in his eternal progress, never saw so fair an object to employ it on.

Lou. Presuming fool! were I inclined to save her life, which by my hopes of peace, I do not mean, canst thou believe this insolent concern for her to my face would not provoke my vengeance?

Car. Yet hold! forgive my rashness, I was to blame indeed; our passion has transported both of us; love made me as heedless of her safety, as wild revenge has you, even of your neglected soul.

Lou. What, dost thou think to preach me from my purpose?

Car. That were too vain an hope; but if revenge alone can sate your fury, at least misplace it not; mine was the offence, be mine the punishment.

Lou. How he disparages my anger! but must my rival triumph then? *(Aside)*

Ang. Charge me not with abhorrd ingratitude: be witness, Heaven, I'll for ever serve you, court you, and confess you my preserver.

Car. For pity, yet resolve, and force your temper to a moment's pause; see at your feet my humbled scorn imploring, crush'd, and prostrate, like a vile slave, that falls below your last contempt, and trembling begs for mercy.

Lou. He burles my revenge in blushes. *(Aside.)* Release the lady—go. *(Exeunt Bravoës.)*

And now farewell my follies, and my mistaken love; for I confess, the fair example of your mutual faith, your tenderness, humility, and tears, have quite subdued my soul; forgive my follies past, and you have overpaid me. *(Joins their hands.)*

Car. My Angelina! do I then live to hold thee thus?—But let us kneel and pay our thanks to Heaven, and this our kind preserver.

Lou. Nay, now you give me a confusion. *(Raises 'em.)* But if you dare trust me with the story of your love's distress, as far as my fortune can, command it freely to supply your present wants, or any future means proposed to give you lasting happiness.

Car. Eternal rounds of never ending peace reward your wondrous bounty; but I have been too busy in my joy, I almost had forgot my friendly uncle, the ancient gentleman that first came hither with me; how have you dispos'd of him?

Lou. I think he's here, and safe—who waits there? *(Enter Jaques.)* Release the gentleman above, and tell him that his friends desire him, *(Exit Jaques.)* You'll pardon, sir, the treatment I have shewn him; he made a little too merry with my folly, which, I confess, at that time, something too far incensed me.

Car. He's old and cheerful, apt to be free; but he'll be sorry when his humour gives offence.

Enter Don Lewis; Jaques bowing to him.

De w Prythee, honest dumb, don't be so ceremonious! A pox on thee, I tell thee it's very well as it is, *(only my jaws*

LOVE MAKES A MAN Or;

ake a little :) but as long as we're all friends, it's no great matter—My dear Carlos, I must burs thee faith—Madam, your humble servant—I beg your pardon, d'ye see—you understand me. (Exit Jaques.

Lou, I hope we are all friends, fir.

D Lew. I hope we are, madam—I am an honest old fellow, faith; tho' now and then I am a little odd too.

Car. Here's a stranger, uncle

D Lew. What, my little blossom—my gilliflowr—my rose—my pink—my tulip—Faith, I must smell thee. (Salutes Angelina.) Od! she's a delicate rosegay! I must have her touzed a little—Carlos you must gather to night; I can stay no longer—Well, faith! I am heartily joy'd to see thee, child.

Ang. I thank you, fir, and wish I may deserve your love. Our fortune, once again, is kind; but how it come about—

D Lew. Does not signify three pence; when fortune pays me a visit, I seldom trouble myself to know which way she came. I tell you, I am glad to see you.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Madam, here's the lord Governor come to wait upon your ladyship.

Lou. At this late hour! what can his business be! desire his lordship to walk in.

Enter Governor

Gov. Pardon, madam, this unseasonable visit.

Lou. Your lordship does me honour.

Gov. At least, I hope, my business will excuse it: some strangers here below, upon their offered oaths, demanded my authority to search your house for a lost young lady, to whom the one of 'em affirms himself the father; but the respect I owe your ladyship made me refuse their search, 'till I had spoken with you.

Ang. It must be they—Now, madam, your protection, or we yet are lost.

Lou. Be not concern'd! would you avoid 'em.

Car. No, we must be found! let 'em have entrance; we have an honest cause, and would provoke it's trial.

Lou. Conduct the gentlemen without. (Exit Jaques. My lord, I'll answer for their honesty; and, as they are strangers, where the law's severe, must beg you'll favour and assist 'em.

Gov. You may command me, madam; tho' there's no great fear; for having heard the most that they could urge against 'em, I found in their complaints, more spleen and humour, than any just appearance of a real injury.

Enter Charina, Antonio, and Clodio.

Cha. I'll have justice.

Ant. Don't be too hot, brother.

Cha. Sir, I demand justice.

That's the lady, fir, I told you of.

Clo. Ah! that's she, my lord, I am witness.

Car. My father! sir, your pardon, and your blessing.

Ant. Why, truly, Carlos, I begin to be a little reconcil'd to the matter; I wish you well, tho' I can't join you together; for my friend and brother here is very obstinate, and will admit of no satisfaction: but, however, Heaven will bless you in spite of his teeth.

Cha. This is all contrivance! Roguery! I am abused!—I say, deliver my daughter; she is an heiress, sir; and, to detain her, is a rape in law, sir; and I'll have you all hang'd; therefore, no more delays, sir; for I tell you, before hand, I am a wise man, and 'tis impossible to trick me.

Ant. I say, you are too positive, brother and when you learn more wisdom, you'll have some,

Cha. I say, brother, this is mere malice, when you know in your own conscience, I have ten times your understanding.

Ang. (*To Charino kneeling.*) Sir, you are my father, bred me & cherish'd me, gave me my affections, taught me to keep 'em hitherto within the bounds of honour, and of virtue; let me conjure you, by the chaste love my mother bore you, when she prefer'd, to her mistaken parents choice, her being your's with a dower, not to bestow my person, where those affections ne'er can follow—I cannot love that gentleman more than a sister ought.

Clo. That's very extraordinary.

Ang. But here my heart's subdued, ev'n to the last compliance with my fortune: he, sir, has nobly woo'd and won me; and I am only his, or miserable.

Cha. Get up again.

Gov. Come, sir, be persuaded; your daughter has made an honourable and happy choice; this severity will but expose yourself and her.

Car. My lord, I don't want advice; I'll consider with myself, and resolve upon my own opinion.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My lord, here's a stranger without enquires for your lordship, and for a gentleman that calls himself Clodio.

Clo. Hey! *Ah! mon cher Ami!*

Enter Don Duart disguised.

Well, what news, my dear, has she answer'd my letter?

D Du. There, sir—this this to your lordship.

(*Gives him letter, and whispers.*)

Gov. Married to-night, and to this gentleman, say'st thou? I'm amazed.

D Du. He is her choice, my lord.

Clo. (*Reading the letter.*)—Um—um—Charms—irresistable—excuse so soon—Passion—Blushes—Consent—Provision—Children—Settlement—Marriage—If this is not plain the devil's in't—Hold, here's more, faith—(*Reads to himself.*)

Gov. 'Tis very sudden—but give my service, I'll wait upon her.

Clod. Ha, ha, ha! poor soul, I'll be with her presently; and faith, since I have made my own fortune, I'll en-patch up my brother's too. Hark you, my dear dad that shou'd ha' been—this business is all at an end—for look you—I find your daughter is engaged, and, to tell you the truth, so am I faith! If my brother has a mind to marry her, let him; for I shall not, split me—and now, gentlemen and ladies, if you will do me the honour to grace mine and the lady Elvira's wedding, such homely entertainment as my poor house affords, you shall be all heartily welcome to.

D Lew. Thy house, ha, ha! well said, puppy!

Clo. Ha, old Toffy!

Car. What dost thou mean, man? (To Clodio.)

Gov. 'Tis even so, I can assure you, sir; I have myself an invitation from the lady's own hand, that confirms it: I know her fortune well, and am surpris'd at it.

Cha. If this be true, my lord, I have been thinking to no purpose; my design is all broke to pieces.

Ant. Come, brother, we'll mend it as well as we can, and since that young rogue has rudely tura'd tail upon your daughter, I'll fill up the blank with Carlos's name, and let therest of the settlement stand as it was.

Cha. Hold, I'll first see this wedding, and then give you my final resolution.

Clo. Come, ladies, if you please, my friend will shew you.

Lou. Sir, we wait upon you.

Cha. This wedding's an odd thing!

D Lew. Ha, ha! if it should be a lie now. (Exeunt.)

The SCENE changes to Elvira's Apartments.

Enter Elvira and Servant.

Elv. Are the officers ready?

Serv. Yes, madam, and know your ladyship's orders.

Elv. Conduct the company. Now justice shall uncloud my fame, and see my brother's death revenged. (Music plays.)

Enter Clodio, D. Duart, Governor, Louisa, Carlos, Angelina, Antonio, Charino, and D. Lew's.

Clo. Well, madam, you see I'm punctual—you've nick'd your man, faith; I'm always critical—to a minute; you'll never stay for me. Ladies and gentlemen, I desire you'll do me the honour of being better acquainted here—my lord—

Gov. Give you joy, madam.

Clo. Nay, madam, I have brought you some near relations of my own too—This Don Antonio, who will shortly have the honour to call you daughter.

Ant. The young rogue has made a pretty choice, faith.

Clo. This Don Charino, who was very near having the honour of calling me son. This my elder brother—and this my noble uncle, Don Cholerick—*Snaps shorts at Toffy.*

D Lew. Puppy.

Clo. Peevish.

D Lew. Madam, I wish you joy with all my heart ; but truly, I can't much advise you to marry this gentleman, because, in a day or two, you'll really find him extremely shocking : those that know him, generally give him the title of *Don Dis-mallo Thickskull de Halfwitto*.

Clo. Well said, nuncle ha, ha !

D Du. Are you provided with a priest, sir.

Clo. Ay, ay, pox on him, would he were come tho'.

D Du. So would I, I want the cue to act this justice on my honour ; yet I cannot read the folly in her looks. (*Aside.*

Gov. You have surprized us, madam, by this sudden marriage.

Elv. I may yet surprise you more, my lord.

D Du. Sir, don't think your bride looks melancholy ?

Clo. Ay, poor fool she's modest—But I have a cure for that—Well, my princess, why that demure look now ?

Elv. I was thinking, sir——

Clo. I know what you think of——You don't think at all——You don't know what to think——You neither see, hear, feel, smell, nor taste——You han't the right use of one of your senses——In short, you have it. Now, my princess, have not I nick'd it ?

Elv. I am sorry, sir, you know so little of yourself, or me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the priest is come.

Elv. Let him wait, we've no occasion yet—Within there—seize him. (*Several Officers rush in, who seize Clodio,*

D Du. Ha ! *and bind him.*

Clo. Gad me ! what, is my dear in her frolicks already ?

Elv. And now, my lord, your justice on that murderer.

Gov. How ! madam !

Clo. That bitch, my fortune !

D Lew. Madam, upon my knees, I beg you, don't carry the jest too far, but if there be any real hopes of his having an halter, let's know it in three words, that I may be sure at once for ever, that no earthly thing, but a reprieve, can save him.

[*Apart to Elvira.*

Ant. Pray, madam, who accuses him ?

Elv. His own confession, sir.

Car. Of murder, say you, madam !

Elv. The murder of my brother.

Gov. Where was that confession made ?

Elv. After the fact was done, my lord, this man, pursued by justice, took shelter here, and trembling, begg'd of me for my protection. He seem'd indeed a stranger, and his complaints so pitiful, that I, little suspicious of my brother's death, promised, by a rash and solemn vow, I would conceal him : which vow, Heaven can witness, with what detraction in my thoughts I strictly kept, and paid : but he, alas ! mistaking this my hospitable charity, for the effects of a most vile preposterous love, proceeds upon his error, and in his letter addresses me for mar-

Of which, from thee alone, my share's deriv'd:
 For all my former search in deep philosophy,
 Not knowing thee, was a mere dream of life:
 But love, in one soft moment, taught me more
 Than all the volumes of the learn'd could teach;
 Gave me the proof when nature's birth began,
 To what great End th' ETERNAL form'd a MAN.

(Exeunt omnes.)



F. I. N. I. S.

